James Mackey

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SUNSHINE COMES TO ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ELSIE MAY.

From the unseen worlds on high,
Treasure chambers of the sky,
Whence the new-born days are sent,
Where the radiant hues are blent
For the rainbow's robe—
Thence, at dawning, day by day,
Golden arrows, flashing, stray
To our air-poised globe.

Bright and pure those darts remain,
Unobscured, untouched by stain,
As they quiver through the air,
Beaming, gleaming everywhere,
Beautiful and bright.
Till on earth they softly rest,
And on ocean's billowy breast
Fall in floods of light.

On the mansion's lofty dome,
On the poet's vine-hung home,
On the hut where want and sin,
Shadow-followed, enter in,
Do the sunbeams shine.
There is no place, but the tomb,
Where they lighten not the gloom!
With their power divine.

Glancing 'mid the forest trees,
Dancing over hills and leas,
Searching out each woodland nook,
Where the icy-fettered brook
Lieth hushed and still;
Then, where myriad busy feet,
Pace the city's crowded street—
Straying as they will.

Thus the sun-rays come and go
O'er the paths, or high or low;
Never partial, free to all,
Peasant hut, or lordly hall.
So our kindly deeds,
Coming from a generous heart,
Liberally should impart
Joy for human needs.

Let love, like the arrowy rays,
Lighten life's uncertain maze,
And make every earthly home
Foretype of the one to come,
Letting kind words fall,
Waking hearts to holier birth,
As upon the darkened earth
Sunshine comes to all.

* * *

THE LADY WITH THE VELVET BAND.

A STORY OF THRILLING INTEREST.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER V.

THE OATH OF LOVE AND FIDELITY.

Master Gottlieb had probably forgotten that music is not the only chord that resounds in the heart of a young girl, and that there is another and a more fragile string, infinitely more sensitive and mortal, and that is the chord of love.

Poor child! it had been already touched by young Hoffmann's bow. Bent over her needlework in the room adjoining the studio in which the youth and the old man usually practiced, she would raise her head at the first sound of that new voice. She listened, and by degrees a novel and strange sensation penetrated her soul, and a new shock darted through her veins.

Hoffmann was now a guest at that house and at that table, for after that first proof of his skill old Murr had invited the young man to dinner, and Hoffmann had accepted the invitation with as much cordiality as it was offered.

Then the beautiful songstress of the heavenly canticles had been transformed into a plain and simple housewife. Antonia poured out the tea like Clarissa Harlowe, cut slices of bread and butter like Charlotte, and took her seat at the table, and ate and drank like a mere mortal, as she was.

The Germans have not our French ideas of poetry, or our prejudices of artificial life, the woman who eats and drinks ceases to be poetical. If one of our pretty women sits down to a table, it is to preside over it; if she has a glass placed before her, it is to put her gloves into it; if she has a plate, it is to pick off a grape or two at the end of the repast, as a bee sucks honey out of a flower.

It will readily be imagined that Hoffmann, after his first reception, returned to the house of Master Gottlieb the next day, the day after, and for several days. Nor did the old musician appear to be under any apprehension from these frequent visits. His Antonia was too pure, too chaste, too confiding in her father, for the old man to suspect his child could commit a fault.

Consequently Hoffmann was now happy; that is to say, as happy as any human being is permitted to be. The sunlight of joy never illumines the heart of man entirely; there always is, in some part of the spirit, some shadowy spot left to remind him that perfect happiness is not in this world, but only in the next.

Still Hoffmann had one advantage over the rest of the vulgar world. In general, men know nothing of the cause of the grief which casts a gloom upon their happiness. But he knew perfectly well what it was that he deplored.

It was the promise he had made Zacharias Werner to go and join him at Paris; it was that strange desire to see France which left him in Antonia's presence, but which recovered all its sway when he was once more by himself. Every day his gloom grew upon him as the time advanced when he was bound to keep his engagement to his comrade.

And, to say the truth, the young maiden's presence was no longer sufficient to drive away the phantom which haunted Hoffmann to the very side of his beloved. He frequently became absent and thoughtful when he was with her. What was his wandering eye fixed upon—what did it see, or fancy it saw? The road to Paris, and Zacharias standing there and beckoning him to come.

By degrees the phantom, instead of returning at rare and remote periods, became more regular in his visits, and scarcely left him any respite.

Hoffmann grew fonder and fonder of Antonia. He felt that she was indispensable to his existence, that his future happiness depended on her; but still he felt that, before he enjoyed that happiness, he must accomplish the intended pilgrimage, or else the desire he restrained within him, strange as it was, would feed upon his heart.

One day as he sat by Antonia, and the master was noting the "Stabat" of Pergolese, Hoffmann had fallen into one of his habitual reveries. Antonia looked at him for some time, and then laid her hand upon his.

"You must go there, my friend," she said.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Go where?" he repeated.

"To France, to Paris."

"Who told you, Antonia, of this my heart's most secret thought, which I dare not speak of even to myself?"

"I might pretend to be a fairy, and have a fairy's power over you, Theodore, by telling you of some magical revelation. But no; I will do no such thing. I have only remembered what I knew."

"And what was that, my beloved Antonia?"

"I remembered that the day before you called upon my father Zacharias Werner had come hither and told us of your intended journey, and your eager desire to see Paris. Since then you have told me yourself what it was that prevented your departure. You told me that, when you saw me for the first time, you were seized with that irresistible feeling which took possession of me likewise when I heard you. Now, Hoffmann, I know you love me still; you need not take the trouble to assure me of it. Still, something there is more powerful than thy love for me, and that is your wish to go to Paris."

"Antonia!" exclaimed Hoffmann, "all you have said is true but one point: nothing in the world can be stronger than my love. No, I swear to you, my Antonia, this strange desire, which I cannot myself account for, I would have for ever buried in my heart had you not drawn it out yourself. Yes, Antonia, you are not mistaken—there is a voice which summons me to Paris, a voice stronger than my will; and yet, I assure you again, I would have disregarded it for your sake. It is the voice of fate."

"Be it so; let us fulfill our destinies, my friend. You shall set out to-morrow. How much time do you require?"

"A month, Antonia; in another month I will return."

"One month will not be enough for you, Theodore; in a month you will have seen little or nothing. I will allow you two months—nay, three; I will grant you as much time as you may require; but still there are two things I must demand of you."

"Which are they, dearest Antonia, which are they?—say speedily."

"To-morrow will be Sunday; look through your window to-morrow morning as you did on the day when Zacharias Werner took his departure, and you will see me, my friend, as you did then, only sadder; you will see me go up the steps of the church. Then do you come and join me at my usual seat; sit down by my side, and, precisely at the moment when the priest shall consecrate the blood of our Lord, you shall swear to do two things—to be faithful to me, and never more to gamble."

"Oh! whatever you wish; this very instant, dearest Antonia, gentle dove, I will swear."

"Silence, Theodore! you must swear it to-morrow."

"Antonia! Antonia! you are an angel!"

"Before we separate, Theodore, have you nothing to say to my father?"

"Yes, you are right. But, indeed, I will confess it, Antonia, I hesitate—I am full of misgivings. My God! what am I, then, that I should dare to entertain the hope?"

"You are the man I love, Theodore. Go to my father—go."

Then waving her hand to Hoffmann, she opened the door of a small chamber which she had converted into an oratory.

The youth looked after her until the door had closed behind the adorable girl; and then mustering courage as well as he could, he entered the cabinet of Master Gottlieb.

The old musician was so accustomed to his pupil's tread, that he did not even raise his eyes from his desk, on which he was copying the "Stabat." The youth entered and stood up behind him.

The next moment Master Gottlieb, hearing no sound—not even the young man breathing—turned his head about.

"Oh! 'tis you, my lad," said he; "what do you wish to say to me?"

Poor boy! he opened his mouth to speak, but he shut it again without being able to articulate. But why should he wonder at his weakness? The bravest men will shrink from such an avowal, when they see Hymen grinning behind Cupid.

"Are you dumb?" inquired the old man. "Plague take it! such a lively, talkative prattler as you are when you come out, cannot have so suddenly lost your tongue, unless it be as a judgment for having abused and misapplied the gift."

"No, Master Gottlieb, no; I have not lost my tongue, thank God. Only what I have to tell you——"

"Well?"

"Well!—seems perplexing to me."

"Psha! as it is so difficult, then, to say: Master Gottlieb?"

"You know that, Master Gottlieb?"

"I should be a great fool if I did not."

"And yet you have permitted me to go on loving her?"

"Why not, since she loves you?"

"But, Master Gottlieb, you know I have nothing—no fortune."

"Psha! what fortune have the birds of the air? They sing, they unite, they build their nests, and God feeds them. I was no richer when I married my poor Theresa, and yet we always contrived to have a roof over our heads. Are you rich in love? that is all I require you to be. Do you desire the treasure you covet? that is all I want to know. Do you love Antonia more than your own life? then I am satisfied Antonia will never want for anything. But if you did not love her, though you had a prince's revenue, she would want everything wanting that."

The youth looked on silently in mute and eloquent admiration of the noble philosopher of the artist. He bowed over the father's hand, and the old man drew him to his bosom, and pressed him there.

"There, there," said Gottlieb, "it is agreed upon between us; go to Paris, since you must and will hear the abominable music of Mehul and Delayrac; it is a youthful longing which will soon pass away. Go your journey, and then return to me—to Mozart, to Beethoven, to Cimarosa, Pergolese, Paesiello, and after them to Master Gottlieb and his daughter, or rather to a father and a wife. Go, my lad, go."

The next morning Hoffmann stood at his window. At ten o'clock Antonia appeared at the corner of the street; the faithful Betty followed her as usual. On reaching the upper step the lovely maiden turned round, discovered Hoffmann at his post, waved her hand to him to summon him to follow her, and then went into the church. Hoffmann in a moment had obeyed. Antonia was praying on her knees.

During the whole time the holy sacrifice was prolonged she sang with the same voice as angels above must use; and afterward, when the chorister's bell announced the consecration of the Host, when all the faithful were bowing down before the God who, in the priest's hands, was raised aloft above their heads, Antonia alone raised her brow.

"Swear," said she.

"I swear," replied Hoffmann in a faltering voice, "to renounce gambling."

"Is that all, my friend?"

"No; I likewise swear to be faithful to you in heart and mind, in body and soul."

"By what do you swear?"

"By all that I hold most dear," cried Hoffmann, "by all that I most value and hold sacred, by your own life!"

"Thanks," cried Antonia, "for should you ever break your word and be perjured, I should surely die."

Hoffmann shuddered; a quick pain shot through him; he not only repented, but felt alarmed.

The priest came down the steps of the altar, carrying off the holy sacrament into the vestry.

As the divine body of our Lord was passing by them, the maiden seized hold of Hoffmann's hand.

"Remember," said Antonia, "He has heard thy oath."

Hoffmann was about to speak.

"Not a word more, not a word more; let the words of your oath be the last I shall have heard you utter—let them ring perpetually in my ears. Farewell, my friend, farewell."

Then, light as any shadow, the young girl escaped from him, leaving a medallion in her lover's hands. Hoffmann watched her as she fled, as Orpheus must have looked upon the fugitive Eurydice; and when he could see her no longer, he opened the frame.

It contained a portrait of Antonia, resplendent with youth and loveliness.

Two hours later, the too credulous Hoffmann took his seat in the diligence, repeating to himself:

"Fear nothing, my Antonia; I will never gamble again, and I will assuredly be faithful to thee."

CHAPTER VI.

A LITTLE INCIDENT AT ONE OF THE GATES OF PARIS IN 1793.

The young man's journey to that France which he had so much longed to see was rather dull. Not that he experienced the same difficulty when approaching the centre of France as he had at the frontier; no, the French republic treated those who arrived very differently from those who were departing.

Still the happiness of enjoying that precious form of government was only allowed to you after you had performed certain rigid formalities.

It was the time when the French knew less than ever how to write, and when assuredly they wrote the most. Consequently, the newest functionary in office considered he was bound to be forever signing passports, composing personal descriptions, giving *visas*, granting recommendations, and, in a word, to be doing the whole duty of a good patriot.

Never was there so much *paper-staining* as at that sanguinary period. That endemic disease of the French police, engrafted on the system of terror, produced the most extraordinary specimens of caligraphy that were ever seen.

Hoffmann had his *feuille de route* on a very small fine piece of paper. At that time everything was small; newspapers, books, catchpenny sheets; everything was cut down to the octavo at the fullest measure. *The Moniteur*, which related, or should have related, the execution of a king, or a queen, or a great general, would not have held one of the speeches of an itinerant quack orator of the Peace Congress of the present day.

So Hoffmann's *feuille de route* was invaded as soon as he entered Alsace with the signatures of these petty officials, running zig-zag against each other, like drunken men in the street tumbling against the wall.

The consequence was that the young traveler had to annex, first one sheet, then another, to his passport; in Loraine especially, where patriotism was running very high, the signatures became enormous. One mayor took two sheets to furnish him with an autograph in these terms:

"A phemanne, chune Allemans, hami de la liberte, se randan a Pari ha pei. (Signe) GOBER."

Furnished and protected by this precious document, he proceeded on his way. Wherever he came, the people said to him:

"Worthy traveler, pause where you are; the country is still inhabitable, but Paris is very turbulent. Beware, citizen! the police at Paris is rather punctilious, and as you are a German, you may not be looked upon as a good Frenchman."

To all of which Hoffmann only answered with a smile. He reached Paris at night.

The gates were shut. Hoffmann spoke French tolerably well; but still he was a German, and there was no mistaking his accent. Let us explain the police or administrative forms of the gates or barriers.

In the first place, the gates, as we said, were shut; then seven or eight sectionaries, free and intelligent men, amateur Lavaters, were smoking their pipes, and dangling about a couple of police officers belonging to the municipality.

These worthy men, who, from deputation to deputation, had contrived at last to haunt every club-room, and every office, every hole and corner where politics had oozed in—these men, who had seen every deputy at the convention, every male and female aristocrat in the galleries, every dandy in the public lounges, every suspected man of note at the theatres, every prisoner in the law courts, every priest within the prisons—these worthy patriots were so well acquainted with Paris, that every face of their acquaintance was sure to strike them.

It was no easy thing at that juncture to disguise one's self; a rich dress attracted the eye—a simple or plain costume roused suspicion. As uncleanliness was a main ensign of civism, every coal-heaver, scullion, and water-carrier might conceal an aristocrat; besides, how could a man entirely dissemble a white hand? That lordly gait, no longer distinguishable in our day, how was it to be concealed from twenty pair of eyes, as eager and inflamed as those of a bloodhound on the track?

A traveler was, therefore, as soon as he arrived, searched, questioned, stripped, morally speaking, with all the off-handed ease of manner which custom imparts.

Hoffmann appeared before this tribunal about six o'clock at night, on the 7th of December, 1793. The weather was cloudy, severe, the air foggy, the earth glazed with frost; the heads of the patriots were entombed in bear-skin caps, which, warming their ears and their blood, left them in full possession of their vigilance.

The youth was stopped by a hand gently laid upon his chest. The young traveler was clad in an iron-gray coat, a thick overcoat, and his German boots displayed a neat, well-formed leg; he had walked the last eighteen miles, the carriage being unable to proceed over the hard crust of indurated snow.

"Where goest thou, citizen, with thy pretty boots?" said a police officer to him.

"I am going to Paris, citizen."

"You are dainty, I see, young Prussian," returned the officer, dwelling on the word with so much emphasis, and making the letter *s* hiss so audibly as brought a throng of loiterers about the traveler.

The Prussians were at this period the Philistines of the French people.

"Well! yes, I am a Prussian," answered Hoffmann; "what then?"

"Then, if you are a Prussian, you must, of course, be a little bit of a spy belonging to Pitt and Coburg. Eh?"

"Read my passports," replied the youth, presenting the bundle to one of the litterati at the gate.

"Come," replied the latter, turning on his heels to escort the stranger to the guard-house.

Hoffmann followed the guide with admirable placidity and confidence.

When, by the light of the smoky candles, the patriots saw this short, strong built youth, with fearless eye, looking so much at ease, one of them exclaimed:

"He won't deny that he is an aristocrat, that youngster, I hope. My eye! what hands and feet."

"You are a fool, citizen," replied Hoffman. "I am as good a patriot as yourself; and, what is more, I am an artist."

So saying, he took out of his pocket one of those formidable pipes which none but a German can fathom. This pipe had a prodigious effect on the officers, who were all smoking.

They all stared at the youth as he stuffed into his pipe, with enviable skill, a whole week's provision of tobacco. He then sat down, lit the tobacco methodically until the furnace was thoroughly in a blaze, and then began to puff away through his mouth and nostrils.

"The lad knows how to smoke," said one of them.

"And he appears to be a fine fellow," said another; "just look at his certificates."

"What has brought you to Paris?" inquired a third.

"I came to study your noble science of liberty," replied Hoffmann.

"What else?" added the Frenchman, not greatly moved by a heroic speech—probably no novelty to his ear.

"And painting, too," added Hoffmann.

"So you are a painter, like Citizen David?"

"Exactly so."

"Can you do the Roman patriots stark naked, like him?"

"No; I paint them with their clothes on," said Hoffmann.

"That's not so fine."

"Everyone has his taste," replied Hoffmann with great composure.

"Come do my portrait, then," said the sectionary.

"With all my heart."

Hoffmann pulled a brand out of the stove, extinguished the fiery end of it, and then, on the white-washed wall, began to draw one of the most unsightly visages that had ever disgraced the capital of the civilized world.

The hairy cap, the fox-tail, the slimy, bedriveled mouth, the bushy whiskers, the short pipe, the retreating chin, were produced with so much accuracy, that the whole body-guard requested the youth to favor them with their portraits in charcoal.

Hoffmann assented graciously, and sketched along the wall a series of portraits as successfully hit off as but certainly less noble, than the burghers in Rembrandt's "Patrol by Night."

As soon as the patriots had been put in a good humor, no more doubts remained about him; the German was naturalized at once as a Parisian; they offered him the beer of honor, and he, like a prudent lad, offered them Burgundy, which they very eagerly accepted.

Then it was that one of the party, more acute than the rest, took hold of his large nose with his forefinger, and said to Hoffmann, as he slily winked his left eye at him:

"Come, be frank, and let us know it, Citizen German?"

"What, friend?"

"The object of your journey."

"I have told you already—politics and painting."

"No, no; something else."

"I assure you, citizen."

"You don't suppose that we suspect or accuse you; you please us, and we mean to protect you; but here are two delegates from the Cordelier Club, two from the Jacobins; I belong to the Friends and Brothers; choose among us which of these clubs you will pay homage to."

"What homage?" said Hoffmann, surprised.

"Oh! don't deny it; the fact is so fine, you ought to glory in it anywhere."

"Really, citizen, you make me blush. Explain yourself."

"Look here, and tell me whether I know how to guess or not," said the patriot.

Then, opening the passport, he laid his greasy finger on the word "Strasburg," to which the following lines were appended:

"Hoffmann, traveler, comes from Manheim, and took up at Strasburg a box thus marked on the outside: 'O. B.'"

"Very true," replied Hoffmann.

"Well! what does that box contain?"

"I made my declaration at the custom-house at Strasburg."

"See, citizens, what this little conjuror has brought us. Do you remember the present sent us by the patriots at Auxerre?"

"Yes," returned one—"a chestful of bacon."

"For what purpose?"

"To grease the blade of the guillotine," exclaimed a chorus of voices.

"Well!" said Hoffmann, rather pale, "what connection is there between my box and that sent by the patriots at Auxerre?"

"Read," said the Parisian, showing his passport; "read, young man: 'Traveling for politics and art?' You see, here it is written down."

"Oh! Republic!" muttered Hoffmann.

"Come, confess it, then, young friend of liberty," said his protector.

"It would be only pluming myself with an idea which I had never conceived," replied Hoffmann. "I do not like vain glory; no, the box I took up at Strasburg, and which will arrive by the carrier's wagon, only contains a violin, a box of colors, and some pieces of plain canvas."

This speech served greatly to qualify the esteem which some of them had conceived for Hoffmann. They returned him his papers, answered his toasts, but they no longer regarded him as the liberator of an enslaved people.

One of the patriots then added, "He is like Saint Just; but I prefer Saint Just."

Hoffmann had relapsed into his revery, warmed by the stove, the tobacco, and the Burgundy; he remained silent for a few minutes: but then suddenly raising his head:

"They guillotine a good deal here, I am told," said he.

"So, so, so, so; it has gone a little since the Girondists, but still it is pretty well."

"Can you tell me where I may meet with a good lodging?"

"Wherever you like."

"But where may I see what is doing?"

"Take a room on the Quai aux Fleurs (the Flower Market)."

"Very good."

"Do you know where to find the Quai aux Fleurs?"

"No; but I like the word *flowers*. I fancy myself already installed there. Which is the way to it?"

"You must go down the Rue d'Enfer, and that leads directly to the quay."

"You mean by the water-side," said the youth.

"Exactly so."

"And that water is the Seine River?"

"It is the Seine."

"The Quai aux Fleurs, I presume, lines the Seine, then?"

"Why, you know Paris better than any of us, citizen German."

"Thank you—farewell; may I proceed?"

"There is but one more formality to be observed?"

"Speak."

"You must wait on the commissary of police, and take out a right of sojournment."

"Good! farewell."

"Stop a moment. You must carry your right of sojournment to the police office."

"Well!"

"And give them your address."

"Be it so. That is all?"

"No; you must then go to the district office."

"What for?"

"To explain your means of living."

"I will do so, and that ends the matter?"

"Not quite: you will have to make your patriotic donations."

"Willingly. What a free country!"

"And take your oath of hatred against all tyrants—French and foreign."

"With all my heart. Thanks for your valuable information."

"Don't forget to write, in a legible hand, your surname and title in full on a card to be stuck on your door."

"It shall be done."

"Go about your business, citizen; you are in our way."

The bottles had been drained.

"Farewell, citizen; many thanks for your politeness."

So Hoffmann entered the city, pulling at his pipe most energetically. He inquired for the Quai aux Fleurs.

He reached it at nine o'clock. The quay was perfectly dark, and not a soul was visible. Hoffmann was too hungry and too cold to think of anything; but there was neither inn nor tavern on the quay.

Raising his eyes, he saw at the corner of the Rue de la Barilline a large red lantern with a smoky, flickering light. This watchlight was suspended from an iron stake, capitally adapted, in those turbulent times, for stringing up a politician. Hoffmann noticed nothing but this inscription in green letters: "Foot-travelers lodged here. Good beds."

He knocked at the door of a passage; the door was opened, and the traveler went in, groping in the dark. A coarse voice called out:

"Shut the door." And a huge dog barked, as if to say:

"Mind your legs."

The landlady showed him into an apartment some fifteen feet long and eight feet wide, divided into two chambers, a bedroom and closet, terms thirty sous a day, to be paid for every morning on getting up. Hoffmann was so delighted that he paid down a fortnight's rent in advance.

Then he made a hearty supper and went to bed; the bed was rather damp, but at eighteen any bed will do. Besides, was he not lodging on the Quai aux Fleurs? How, then, could he complain? He invoked the memory of Antonia; and is not paradise the abode of the angels?

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING HOW THE MUSEUMS AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES WERE SHUT WHILE THE PLACE OF REVOLUTION WAS OPEN.

The chamber which Hoffmann had hired for a fortnight contained a bed, a table, and two chairs. The mantlepiece was embellished with two blue vases filled with artificial flowers; a genius of liberty, made of sugar, stood under a crystal coverlid, in which its red cap and tricolored flag were reflected.

A brass candlestick, a rosewood box, a set of curtains and hangings belonging to the twelfth century—such was the furniture displayed to his view the next morning, when the young traveler awoke. The tapestry represented Orpheus playing on the violin to recover Eurydice, and the violin naturally recalled Zacharias Werner to his mind.

"Dear friend," thought he, "you are at Paris—so am I; we are almost together again, and I shall see you this day, or at the latest to-morrow."

"Where shall I begin, so as to employ my time most fruitfully, and see the most of Paris? For some days past I have seen nothing but living pictures of the ugliest kind. I will go to the Louvre of the ex-tyrant, and examine all the fine pictures he had—his Rubenses, his Poussins—let me make haste."

In the meantime he got up to examine the panoramic view of his neighborhood. What did he behold? A leaden, dull sky, white trees, a black, slimy mud on the road, a hurried, fretful population, agape with curiosity, and buzzing as they went, like a bubbling stream—that was all.

There was nothing blooming. Hoffmann closed the window, breakfasted, and left the house in quest of his friend Werner. But then he recollected that Zacharias had never given him any address by which he might discover him. This reflection brought with it much disappointment. But Hoffmann soon cheered up.

"What a fool I am!" thought he. "Have we not both the same tastes and pursuits—does not Zacharias like what I like? I wish to see fine pictures; he will have the same desire. I shall be sure to find him, or hear of him, at the Louvre. Let me go to the Louvre."

Hoffmann bent his way to that edifice directly.

But he had the grief to be told at the gate that the French, now being free, did not allow themselves to be degenerated and made effeminate by going to see the pictures of slaves, and that even supposing the commune of Paris had not already roasted them at their ammunition foundries, they knew better than to feed those rats with the oil, seeing that those rats might one day become the food of the patriots, if ever the Prussians should come and besiege Paris.

Hoffmann felt the perspiration starting through his brow; the man who was thus speaking to him had a certain tone which was not without its impressiveness, and people bowed to him as they passed.

One of the bystanders informed him that he had just had the honor of holding a dialogue with Citizen Simon, the governor of the children of France, and the curator of the royal museums.

"So, then, I shall not see any pictures! What a disappointment! But I will go to the Royal Library and see the old engravings, the medals, and manuscripts. There, too, I shall see the tomb of Childeric, father of Clovis, and the famous globes of Coronelli."

Hoffmann was grieved, on his arrival, to be told that the French nation looked upon science and literature as two sources of corruption, and had shut up all such dens of conspiracy, where fictitious philosophers and pretended scholars used to assemble to lay their plots; that this measure had been taken from motives of humanity, to save the trouble of guillotining those poor devils.

Hoffmann was compelled to withdraw without seeing anything; nor was he so much as able to make inquiries about his friend Zacharias. But as he was extremely persevering, he persisted, and went next to see the Museum Saint Avoye.

They informed him that the proprietor had been guillotined the day before. Then he went to the Luxumbourg house: but that palace had been converted into a prison.

At length, tired out and dispirited, he resumed his way to the hotel, to rest himself a little, think of Antonia and Zacharias, and smoke in his solitary chamber a pipe filled for two hours' enjoyment.

But, O marvel, O prodigy! that quiet Quai aux Fleurs, so lonely a little while ago, was now blackened with a multitude of idlers, who were scuffling and vociferating in a most discordant manner.

Hoffmann, who was not a tall man, could not see above so many heads and shoulders; he hastened to elbow his way through the crowd, and to make for his chamber. Then he put his head out of the window.

Suddenly every eye was turned upon him, and rather embarrassed him at first, for he observed that very few windows were open. However, the curiosity of the vast crowd was soon drawn away to something else, and the youth looked himself towards this new object of attention. This was the porch of a large dark building with angular roofs and a large square turret, surmounted by a bell. Hoffmann called his landlady.

"Citizeness," said he, "what means this edifice, if you please?"

"It is the palace, citizen."

"And pray what do they do at the palace?"

"At the Palace of Justice, citizen? Why, they try prisoners there."

"I thought there was no longer any trial courts?"

"Yes, there is the Revolutionary Court."

"True, true. And what are all these good people doing?"

"They are waiting for the coming of the carts."

"Carts? I don't understand you; excuse me, I am a foreigner."

"Citizen, the carts are, you may say, the funeral carriages for those who are going to die."

"O my God!"

"Yes, in the morning the prisoners come hither to get themselves tried at the Revolutionary Court."

"Well, citizeness?"

"At four o'clock all those prisoners are tried, and packed up in the carts which Citizen Fouquier has previously ordered for the purpose."

"What do you mean by Citizen Fouquier?"

"Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser."

"The public accuser! Very good; what then?"

"Then the carts trot along to the Place of Revolution, where the guillotine stands in permanent erection."

"Can it be possible? What! day and night?"

"Day and night. Have you been once abroad without going to look at the guillotine? It's the first thing that you foreigners visit when you arrive; it seems that France alone has got these guillotines."

"I wish you joy of them, citizeness."

"Look, citizen! here come the carts."

"Are you going in, then, citizeness?"

"Yes; I don't like to look at those sights *now*." The landlady was moving away. Hoffman took her gently by the arm:

"Excuse me, I have a question to put to you."

"Say."

"Why did you say, citizeness, you don't like to look at such sights *now*?"

"I will tell you, citizen. At the beginning they used to guillotine aristocrats who were said to be very wicked people, the enemies of the poor. These people were so proud, and carried their heads so high, they looked so insolently provoking, that we could not very well pity them. So then we used to enjoy the sight, you see. It was a fine spectacle to witness the struggle of the bold enemies of the people with death. But one day I saw an old man lifted into the cart, whose head rocked and bobbed against the sides of the vehicle. That was pitiful. Another time I saw a child of fourteen, a young girl, in one cart, while her mother was in another: and the poor creatures kept kissing their hands at each other without saying a word. They were so pale, so woe-begone, with so pitiful a smile upon their lips, as they sent their kisses to and fro, that I never can forget the horrible pain I felt; and from that day I swore never to expose myself to such a scene again."

"Ah, ah!" said Hoffmann, leaving the window, "is that the case?"

"Yes, citizen. But what are you doing?"

"I am going to shut the window, citizeness."

"What for?"

"Not to see it."

"You?—a man!"

"To tell you the truth, citizeness, I came to Paris to study the arts and breathe the air of liberty. Well, if, unfortunately, I were to see one of the prisoners such as you describe, were I to see a girl or a woman dragged to execution and bewailing her fate, I should think of my betrothed, whom I love, and who, perhaps——no, citizeness, I won't stay in this room any longer. Have you got an empty chamber which looks out into the back yard?"

"Hush! unhappy mortal, you speak too loud. If my officials were to overhear us!"

"Your officials! What does that mean?"

"It is the new republican word for servants."

"Well! if your servants—I beg pardon—your officials were to overhear us, what of that?"

"The consequence would be that in three or four days I might see you on one of those carts at this very hour."

Having spoken this last speech in a tone of mysterious significance, the worthy dame hastened down-stairs, and Hoffmann was soon at her heels. The youth stole out of the house, resolved at all hazards to escape the terrible spectacle. When he had reached the corner of the quay, the sabres of the gendarmes gleamed in the air, the crowd began to move, the vast multitude howled and began to run.

Hoffmann, as fast as he could, made for the Rue Saint Denis, into which he plunged like a madman; he turned like a roebuck into several narrow lanes, and lost himself in that labyrinth of streets which environ the markets of the Halle.

He breathed again on finding himself in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, where, with a poet and painter's sagacity, he guessed he was in the place rendered famous by the assassination of the great Henry of France.

Then, still moving on, still looking about, he reached the middle of the Rue Saint Honore. Everywhere he found the shops closed on both sides of him. He admired the stillness of the district; not only were the shops closed, even the windows of certain houses were fastened in at the same moment, as if by some well-concerted signal.

This manœuvre was soon explained to the young artist; he saw the hackney-coaches wheel round and turn down the side streets; he heard a loud gallop, and saw a party of gendarmes; and behind them, in the first mist of evening, he descried a hideous medley of rags, uplifted arms, brandished pikes, and red, flaming eyes.

Above the whole, higher than all, came a single cart. It contained four or five persons only. For this was the 18th of December, and the large trains of victims were still very unusual.

Out of that vortex which was rushing toward him, without his being able either to hide himself or fly, Hoffmann heard a series of shrieks and yells, so sharp, so pitiful, so full of lamentation, that nothing like it had ever struck his ears.

On that cart was a woman clad in white. The shrieks he had heard came from the soul and body of that woman. Hoffmann felt his legs sinking beneath him. Those horrid howls had loosened his nerves, he sank upon a post, with his head against the shutters of a shop; and so hurriedly had they been put to, that a small interstice had been left open.

The cart came up, surrounded by the escort of bandits and hideous women, its customary satellites; but who could describe that revolting scum of the mob, those men so tattered and ghastly, those frantic women, who seemed to live on blood, and whose projected hands seemed ready to tear the victim to pieces, and to envy the blade of the guillotine its repast of death?

Such were they usually, but now, strange to say, the scum did not boil and foam, those hideous reptiles did not croak; the victim alone it was who writhed between two men, and implored the help of God and men. Hoffmann all at once heard through the interstices of the shutter these doleful words, uttered by a young man:

"Alas! poor Du Barry! is it thee?"

"Madame du Barry!" cried Hoffmann, "can it be she now passing in the cart?"

"Yes, sir," answered the voice in a low, plaintive tone, and that so near that he felt the warm breath of his interlocutor on his cheek.

Poor Du Barry was standing up and holding by the side of the death cart; her fine chestnut hair, the pride of her beauty, had been cut off behind at the nape, but fell down over her temples in long shreds moist with sweat; beautiful with her large, haggard eyes, with her little mouth, alas! too small for the terrific shrieks, the unhappy, the miserable woman shook her head from time to time with a convulsive motion, to disengage her face from the mask of hair that covered it.

As she passed the house where Hoffmann had sunk upon a stone post, she cried out again for help. "Help, help! save me! I never injured anyone—help me!" and she struggled so hard as almost to upset the guillotiner's assistant, who was supporting her.

That cry of help she never dropped, but kept repeating it in the midst of the deepest silence. The furies of the guillotine, accustomed to insult the brave and patient convicts, felt their bowels touched by the irresistible appeal of that woman's terror. They felt that their vociferations could not have covered her lamentations; they were overawed by that feverish grief, which was akin to madness, and verged upon the sublime of terror.

Hoffmann stood up, his heart dying within him. He began to run after the cart like the rest—another shadow added to the spectral train which attend the royal favorite at her last escort.

Madame du Barry, seeing him run behind the carts, cried out once more:

"Let me live! let me live! I give all my property to the nation! Help me, sir—save me!"

"Oh!" thought the young man, "she has spoken to me. Poor woman! her looks were priceless at one time, her words were above all value—she has spoken to me!"

He stopped. The cart had just reached the Place of Revolution. The rain was falling, and through the thickening mist Hoffmann could see nothing more than two shadowy outlines; one white—it was that of the victim; the other red—it was the scaffold.

He saw the executioners drag the white robe up the steps; he saw the form twist, and struggle, and career like a horse when it rebels; then suddenly, in the midst of her appalling shrieks, the poor woman lost her equilibrium, and fell over the trap.

The youth heard her scream out: "Pardon! pardon! mister executioner!—one minute more, mister executioner!" That was all; the horrible blade came down aslant with a lurid gleam of light. Hoffmann rolled into the ditch by the scaffold.

It was undoubtedly a fine picture for an artist who had come to France to seek for excitement and new ideas. He had just seen the too cruel chastisement of one who had contributed to ruin the monarchy.

This cowardly death of Du Barry appeared to him as an atonement for the poor creature. She could never have had any pride, since she did not even know how to die. Alas! in those days, to know how to die was the highest virtue of people who had always been addicted to vice. Hoffmann reflected that day that if he had come to France to see extraordinary things, his journey was an abortive one.

Then, somewhat comforted by the philosophy of history, "There still remains the theatre," thought he; "let me go there. I know very well that after such an actress as I have seen, those of the opera will not make much impression on me, but I must be indulgent. We must not expect too much of women who die only in jest. Nevertheless, I will try and recollect this place, so as never to pass by it again."

And hearing the cart returning again, he rose and hurried away. But the phantom of Du Barry went with him, and still he heard those terrible shrieks that had appalled so many thousands.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* * *

AN EVENING'S THOUGHT.

TO THOMAS J. FARRON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Softly the shadows of twilight are falling,
Slowly the glow fades away from the west,
Sweetly the voice of the night-bird is calling,
Gently the day-god is sinking to rest.

Pensively, now, as I sit in the gloaming,
Listlessly dreaming and thinking of thee,
Toward the far lands thy footsteps are roaming,
Fancy is turning and thoughts wander free.

In the blue ether the star-jewels glisten
Round the fair brow of the beauteous night;
To the sad plaint of the night-wind I listen,
While the dusk hideth the day from my sight.

Vainly, to-night, am I lingering sadly
Back to the hour when acquaintance was made;
Out of that eve which sped us so gladly
Never a tint shall from memory fade.

Gone is the presence that brightened the hours,
Silent the voice that is sweeter than song;
Fled is thy smile, and a murky cloud lowers,
Heavily now drag the moments along.

Sweet thought to thee I ever am lending,
Memory brings me bright visions and fair;
Thy form, in fancy, seems ever attending,
Flitting in phantasmal shape through the air.

Ever shall I remember you, dearest,
E'en though I may be forgotten by you;
Keep faithful the promise you made at our parting,
And never forget that my heart is still true.

N. B. H—D.

* * *

THE BROKEN RING.

A LONDON STORY.

BY JOHN LATEY, JR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TELEGRAM.

Mr. Richard Brent, seated at work in his Strand chambers, which serve for studio and dwelling alike, cannot keep from his mind the heroine of "The Narrow Escape," nor the danger which he saved her from a night or so ago. The introduction to Grace that naturally followed the rescue; the sweet, winning tone in which the young actress thanked him for his prompt action; and the deep, glowing light which filled her large hazel eyes as the grateful words came from her rosebud lips, have given greater force to the strange feeling of yearning sympathy towards her that has taken possession of his heart.

"Thank God, I preserved her from that peril!" thinks the artist, pausing awhile from the drawing he is making of the sensation scene in the drama for an illustrated journal. "Surely she will not think me a meddler if I warn her of the greater peril that threatens her from that scoundrel, Serjeant Cholter. No; I'm sure she will not," says Mr. Brent to himself, as his deft pencil resumes its work on the boxwood block before him, and with a few skillful touches limns the graceful figure of the actress clasping the branch over the precipice.

Just as his young wife left it, years and years ago, seems the studio of Mr. Brent. The ravishing figure of Venus, rising from a deliciously foaming, sparkling wave, glows as warmly and brightly from the canvas as it did when, in the heyday of his youthful love of art, he painted the picture for fame. Below, on the mantelpiece, still stands the plaster cast of the three Graces; still are grouped the plaster models of feet and hands; still is posed the Achilles that has inspired so many of his figures with life and vigor.

Lifting his eyes to the opposite wall, the artist's gaze rests on the cherished painting, which stands out as the strongest link that binds him to the happy past—that brief spell of happiness which seems now, through the mist of years, to have been but a blissful dream.

It is the charming picture of a young mother, babe at breast, her pretty head coquettishly tossed on one side, as her artist-husband is busy at an easel, putting the finishing touches to her portrait.

"What a startling likeness!" exclaims Mr. Brent, rising to look at the painting more closely. "Ah! your image, Lucy, is firmly stamped on my memory. But the sight of your dear face, sweet and innocent when I drew you then, even strengthened the resemblance which this young actress bears to you. But why dwell on this hopeless theme? Your betrayer and our darling have perished, as well as you, poor lost one!"

"Come in!" adds the artist, in response to a sharp knock at his door.

It is a smart lad, in the uniform of a telegraph-messenger, who enters. The buff envelope which he hands to Mr. Brent contains a missive of greater import to him than even a telegraphic missive of death.

"From Whittle!" is the exclamation that escapes the artist's lips, as he glances at the direction; and his heart gives a great bound as he reads, with feverish avidity, the following telegram:

Your daughter yet lives. I see by *The Liverpool Hedgehog* that the popular London actress Miss Grace Grenville is the supposed daughter of De Bathe. And I found before I left London that your daughter had been intrusted to Mrs. Truman, 30a, Great Ormond street, when an infant. From her De Bathe seems to have taken your daughter. I cannot come to town yet. Detained by business in Liverpool. Mrs. Jones, Christian alley, was the woman Mrs. Truman had the child from. See both, and then see whether you can trace any likeness to yourself or your wife in Miss Grenville.

CHAPTER XXV.

GRACE'S BENEFIT.

As the curtain rises on what is to prove the saddest tragedy of Grace's life, no one brighter, happier—no one filled with gladness so infectious as she. The deep joy which now irradiates her soul has driven away all mourning thoughts.

Peerless as the lovely blush-rose flower of the Capulets, she moves across the stage with a fairy-like lightness of step, beaming in her white ball-robe with even more than her usual captivating witchery; for the sweet words of her innocent coquetry with Romeo are instinct with the winning tenderness of love.

Will is at length Grace's Romeo. The stage Montague is but a peg on which she hangs all the loving, clinging affection she feels for the enchanted lover, who watches the fascinating actress from the stage-box of which he has lately been a constant tenant, thanks to the courtesy of the manager of the Thespian Theatre Royal.

Almost himself again—quite strong enough, indeed, to resume his work in connection with the political league for which he had done yeoman service—Will Truman could not restrain his fervent love for Grace, when, released from the hospital, he found she had lost the man whom they all looked upon as her natural protector. The great happiness and warmth of love he feels as Grace, to his deep joy, at once accepted him, can well be imagined from the rapt, spell-bound look with which he regards her to-night. He drinks in ardently the rich poetry which Shakespeare puts into Juliet's mouth for the solace of Romeo in the charming balcony scene, for he well knows that the loving words are spoken over the head of the stage lover straight at him; and is not this very benefit, which has attracted a thronged audience full of enthusiastic attachment for Grace, the very last performance in which she will take part before appearing at his side at the altar in the dear character of a bride?

The thrilling entr'acte music then sends his life's blood pulsing through him with delicious force, and each rising of the curtain adds to the delight of Will.

Gliding, as it were, a bright, living poem through the poetical love-play, Grace unconsciously touches the heart of another prominent character in "Romeo and Juliet."

To take the part of the Nurse, a middle-aged actress with an American reputation has suddenly been engaged. The unction of the garrulous old Nurse is well feigned by this lady. Looking closely at her through a glass, however, one might have detected a wistful, searching look in her face, even in a scene where wistfulness was least needed. When asked by Lady Capulet as to Juliet's age, the Nurse's lips give expression to the broad speech put into her mouth by the free-tongued dramatist; but her eyes seemed to pore over the face of Juliet and to find more than "delight writ there with beauty's pen." With each fresh act does this strange wistfulness appear to grow, until the Nurse is seized with an irresistible impulse as she enters Juliet's chamber to awaken her for her bridal with Paris.

The Nurse's exclamations at finding Juliet seemingly dead on her couch, after drinking the love-potion of Friar Laurence, are hoarsely uttered. Shaking the entranced girl in the vain attempt to wake her, she bends eagerly over her, and, clasping the coral necklet revealed on Grace's fair bosom, feebly exclaims:

"Thank God! Here is the broken ring! It is my daughter!" and falls in a swoon on her bed beside Grace.

* * * *

Round a sofa in the green-room, a little later, a touching scene is enacted. Kneeling beside the dying Nurse stretched upon it, Richard Brent clasps Grace at last to a true father's heart; and Grace, her mind unstrung by the tragic revelations so suddenly brought about, cannot repress her sobs, as the thin hands of the prostrate figure tightly clasp hers, and unite them with her father's.

Sole witnesses, the manager, Will Truman, and his mother, and Mrs. Jones stand with bowed heads as the last words of Richard Brent's wife—dying through the breaking of a blood-vessel—are faintly and brokenly uttered:

"Richard, thank you; thank you for your forgiveness. It is best as it is. I die happy. I felt my hour was near, and I could not rest easy until I made some effort, dear child, to find you. God bless you! He has given you back the good father I robbed you of. He has given you this good lover for husband. He is taking from you the mother who wronged you. Adieu."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FINIS.

This bright morning of Autumn, all aglow with the glorious tender light of the dying Summer, shows no prettier picture in England than the living picture of a young couple meeting on the shingly beach of Folkestone.

It is the glad, early Summer of their lives; and their frank faces are lit up by the kindling glances and winsome smiles of love, which speak most eloquently the language of the heart.

Storms had lashed the sea before them into a rage awhile ago, and the wild, green waters rushed fiercely over the pebbly shore, and dashed with force high up the white cliff. Even as the social waves which buffeted about this happy pair were these gales. And like the calm, gently-heaving sea, over which the sun sheds a rich, mellow light, calmly ebbs and flows the tide of their young lives now.

The delicious tremor of true love steals through them as their arms unite, and shafts of love shoot down from the young man's honest eyes far into the lustrous hazel depths of hers, as his low, vibrating voice asks:

"Well; any letters yet, darling?"

"First tell me—did you enjoy your bath, sir? You don't deserve a letter, for leaving me in that way," is the pouting rejoinder of his beaming companion.

"Why, you know, dear, you wouldn't bathe this morning because we can't bathe together here. Ah! how I wish we were only across the Channel, Bessie! Then I should have enjoyed my dip, for I would have given my little Undine here a practical illustration of how I once saved her on a certain terrible Summer night."

"Ah! Will, love, I owe my life and all my joy to your brave heart, and——"

"Now, no more flattery, my little actress, if you please. I owe my life to *you*, darling! It was your sweet presence at my bedside that sent health and strength into my veins again at the hospital, dearest."

"Now, none of *your* blarney, if you please, sir. Here's a letter from father. While you're reading it I'll just look at the newspaper he's sent."

Naturally, being a woman, the fair reader of the newspaper first glances at the first column, and soon turns with a half-shy look to point out to Will, now seated by her side on the shingle, the following announcement:

TRUMAN—BRENT.—On the 1st inst., at St. George's, Bloomsbury, William Truman to Bessie Brent, only daughter of Richard Brent, Esq.

"I'm so glad you've chosen the old, dear name of Bessie, darling!" is the young husband's remark, as he clasps her more closely to him.

"And aren't you glad I've also chosen the old, dear name of Truman, also?" asks Bessie, looking up with a little coquettish glance into his happy face.

"Glad! Why, I should think so! Selfishly glad, though; for I've taken you away from the fond heart of your true and noble father, Bessie. But let's see what he says:

MY DEAR WILL AND BESSIE.—It makes me very, very happy to hear that you are beginning your new lives so happily. I feel that I am renewing my own youth. You should have seen how I tripped it with your mother, Will, after we had sent the last shower of slippers at you; and how Whittle tripped it with your sister Lottie, to the music of her husband. Throw all your hearts into love for one another: this is the summing-up of the advice which the lesson of my life enables me to offer you, dear ones. Be assured that your happiness will also be my happiness.

That is also the message which a new grassy mound in Highgate Cemetery seemed to send you through me last Sunday; and the message should be as fragrant as the flowers blooming over the grave, and as full of loving tenderness as the gentle breeze that softly swayed the weeping willow which shades it.

But you need no counsel from Heaven or earth to bid you love one another truly and earnestly. Young as you are, your hearts have both been well tried, and both have proved true metal that will ring to the very last.

Little can you imagine the power of the new life which you have poured into my old heart. I love you more than I can say. Come back as soon as you can, and let us live as near together as possible.

Until your return, my dear children, my constant companion will be Mr. Whittle, with whom I find it a strange solace to talk over the strange adventures which led to the discovery not only of two heart-treasures I thought lost to me for ever, but of a new treasure in the most gallant of sons. Adieu. From your loving father,

RICHARD BRENT.

It is with a softer light in their faces, and with a tender dimness in their rich brown eyes, that Will and Bessie Truman rise after reading this letter. But the elasticity and buoyancy of youth soon send smiles dimpling round their mouths again; for here they are, two of a holiday throng looking down on the deck of the Princess Helena steamboat, bustling with holiday passengers, and with the lively crew piling up the tourist luggage.

In the few glad-eyed couples who cross the wooden gangway and join the living stream on board, Will and Bessie may see themselves as others see them—see their happy unconsciousness of being noticed, see the clinging affection which seemingly affords mirth alike for those who have and those who have not passed the Rubicon of marriage.

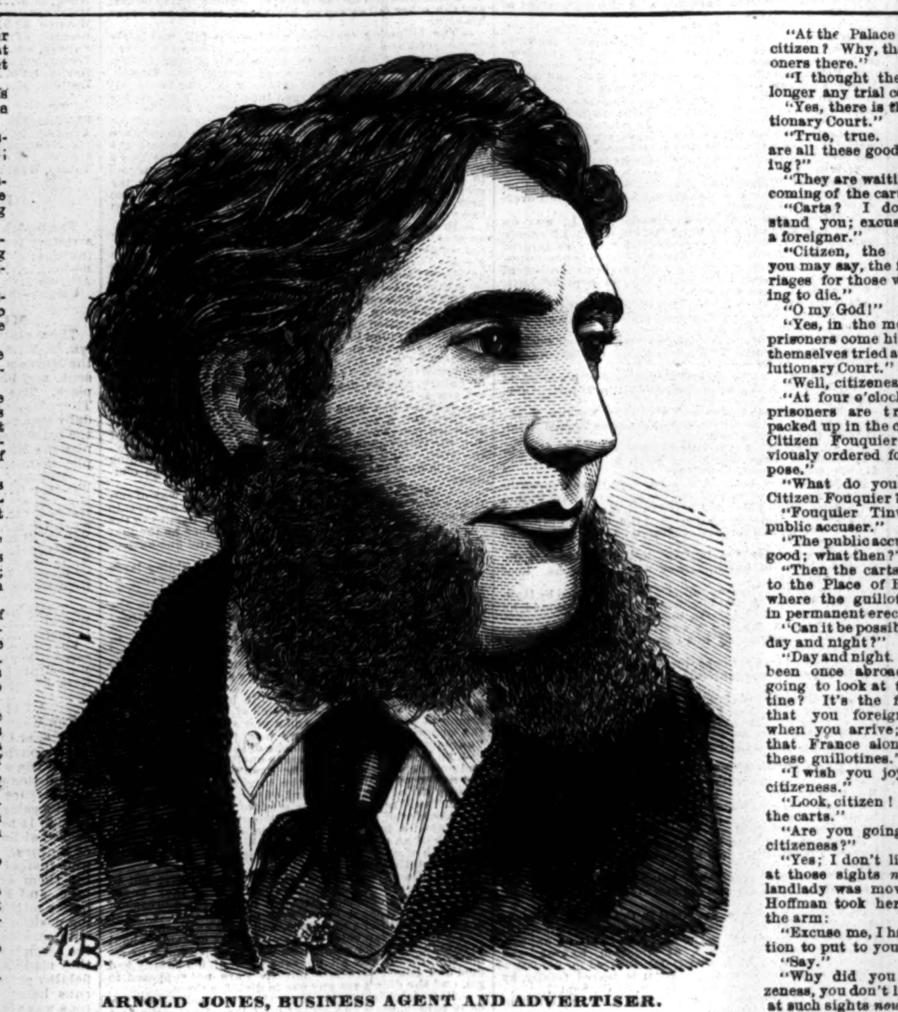
"Why, here comes Frank Rushton!" suddenly exclaims Will, as he catches sight of a lissom, fair young fellow in tweed, lightly tripping up the quay, with a fair and lovely young lady on his arm.

"What! Will and Grace Grenville—I beg pardon, Mrs. Truman! This is a pleasure!" is the cheery greeting of Frank Rushton, as he warmly clasps the hand of each. "Allow me to introduce my wife. Ah! you know each other already, do you? She's no longer 'Sister' Amy, you see, but 'Wifie' Amy. At the last moment, Will, Lady Crane became reconciled to the inevitable. 'If he's no cash, he has *blood*,' she said to Amy. So we had a swell wedding yesterday; but, between you and me," whispers Frank to Will, "I'd much rather have had a plain, homely breakfast and a little more in my purse for our honeymoon. But no matter; appearances must be kept up, I suppose. Come, Amy; time's up. Mind we see a great deal of one another when we get back to London. Good-bye, good-bye!"

"Good-bye, good-bye!"

* * *

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



ARNOLD JONES, BUSINESS AGENT AND ADVERTISER.

ARNOLD JONES.

The subject of our sketch was born in Little Falls, N. Y., in 1839, and at an early age became a great admirer of public amusements. He was educated for mercantile pursuits, and in 1860, when holding a responsible situation in a wholesale house in Chicago, he decided to leave it and embark in the show business. He joined a company leaving that city, as their advertiser, and has since traveled with many first-class troupes throughout the United States. On July 6, 1872, he left for England as the business agent for a magician, whose performances he successfully managed there during one year. He has now returned to the land of his birth, and is ready to pilot any first-class company through the country.

* * *

TAKING A WARM BATH AT VIENNA.—Vienna abounds in great bath-houses. I have tested one. I wandered about the establishment asking everyone I met for a warm bath. Some pointed in one direction, some in another, and after blundering back and forth for awhile, I found myself before a woman. For fifty kreutzers she gave me a ticket. Then she called for Marie. Marie, a black-eyed, bright German girl, came. She went to a shelf and burdened herself with a quantity of linen. Then she signed for me to follow. I did so in an expectant, wondering, and rather anxious frame of mind. Marie showed me into a neatly-arranged bath-room. She spread a linen sheet in the tub, and turned on the water. I waited for the tub to fill and Marie to depart. Marie seemed in no hurry. I pondered over the possibilities involved in a German "varm-bad." Perhaps Marie will attempt to scrub me! Never! At last she goes. I remove my collar. Suddenly Marie returns—it is to bring another towel. There is no lock on the door—nothing with which to defend one's self. I bathe in peace, however. On emerging I examine the pile of linen Marie has left. There is a small towel, and two large aprons without strings, long enough to reach from the shoulders to the knees. I study over their possible use. I conclude they are to dry the anatomy with. On subsequent inquiry I ascertained that they were to be worn while I rang the bell, and Marie came in to substitute hot water for cold.—*From "Our Monthly Gossip," in Lippincott's Magazine for September.*

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1873.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

B., Chicago.—"In fifteen-ball pool, B. bets J. that when it comes his turn to shoot, he (J) would not pot in a ball. J. holes the ball, but his own ball went into a pocket at same shot. Who wins the bet?"......This is a point that has often evoked conflicting decisions, and remains to-day practically unsettled. It is our opinion that B. should be adjudged winner. Upon the one hand, it is to be argued that B., assuming that the average shots in fifteen-ball pool were too difficult for a player of J.'s skill to accomplish, proposed the wager simply as a task, and without ever contemplating that J.'s ball would go either into pocket or off table. Upon the other hand, it is to be argued that both parties were respectively entitled to all the chances of the game in their favor; and as one of J.'s chances was to make a "scratch," which perhaps neither man contemplated when the wager was made, so one of B.'s chances was that J. would hole himself. Still another view in favor of B. is that an object-ball that must continue in play cannot be considered as pocketed within the scope and spirit of the game; and because of the pocketing of his own ball, the object-ball holed by J had to be put back on the table.

W. S., Adrian, Mich.—1. When authorities differ, a preponderance should be the standard; and where there is no preponderance, the weightier authorities should govern. Thus Webster, a lexicographer, and Kerl, an etymologist, should be regarded as better authority than Mackey's "Masonic Manual." The latter would seem in this matter to have been guided somewhat by "Knights errant." But "errant" is an adjective, and as such never changes its form; whereas "Knights-templars" is a compound of two nouns that have each a singular and a plural form. Aside from this view, common usages declares in favor of "Knights-templars," as against "Knights-templar." 2. This department is open to all inquiries, and we never answer by mail.

J. E. H., Pittsburgh.—"Ireland's Records of the New Stage" is the best standard work, and contains many biographies of actors and actresses. It is a very scarce work, having been originally sold by subscription only. It is in two large volumes. If you will remit to this office $35, we can procure you a copy.

T. H., Mobile.—The decision is wrong. D cannot play alone after his partner had made the trump. Only the player who assumes the responsibility of the trump, by ordering up, taking up, or making the trump, can play alone.

J. W. T., Cleveland.—1. Consult an oculist without delay. 2. Wash them in water in which crude sal ammoniac powdered, has been dissolved. 3. Five lines will cost 75 cents for each insertion. 4. Capable of much improvement.

A. J. C., Chelsea.—1. The first steamer to cross the Atlantic was the Savannah. She left New York for Liverpool July 15, 1819, and made the passage in twenty-six days. 2. Cyrus W. Field accompanied the first expedition for the laying of the Atlantic cable telegraph.

G. W. T., Watertown.—Trustee in 1843; Lady Fulton in 1856; Capt. McGowan in 1866; John Stewart (twice) in 1868; and Mattie Howard in 1871, have all trotted 20 miles within the hour.

G. B., Fort Edward.—If A. B.'s horse won Purse No. 1, previous to the hour for the closing of purse No. 2, then he was not eligible for the latter, having beaten 3min. If he won after the latter purse closed, then he is eligible.

J. B. D., Rock Island.—If a team beat three minutes together, neither of the horses is eligible separately for a three minute race, according to the rules of the National Trotting Association.

P. W., Newark.—C. Mills never belonged to the Eurekas. The nine players were Breintnal, Linnen, E. Mills, Pennington, Northrup, Thomas, Callaway, Littlewood and Tyrrell.

G. B. S., Schenectady.—The rules of trotting and of racing are distinct and published separately. For trotting address D. L. Longstreet, Providence, R. I., inclosing 25 cents and stamp.

W. W.—They were not legal unless the game of the Fourth of July in Chicago was between "picked nines," in which case Addy did not violate the rules. If they were club nines, he did.

L. E. D.—Address a letter to Theodore Hamilton, manager Pike's Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., enclosing sufficient to pay the postage, and request him to ask some of his attaches to forward them to you.

Railroad, Weymouth.—The fastest railroad time in America is 14 miles in 11 minutes, by a locomotive and six cars, N. Y. Central road; in England, 18 miles in 15 minutes, special train, Paddington to Slough.

J. M. K., Omaha.—Passengers were first transported by steam-power, in this country, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in 1830, by a locomotive built in Baltimore by Peter Cooper.

Inquirer.—We do not answer questions by mail. Advertising curtains have been used in some few instances, but never in a strictly first-class theatre, and they have ever failed to give satisfaction.

H. R., St. Louis.—1. Apply to the manager of one of the variety theatres in your city. Show him what you can do, and solicit an engagement. 2. From $25 per week upward.

Your Uncle, Baltimore.—The hand goes for nothing, each being 17, and A having spades, big cassino, and one ace, and B holding little cassino and three aces, the cards being equally divided.

Senator, Brooklyn.—The sequence 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 beats that of 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. We don't understand your last query.

G. R., Williamsburg.—1. The British Government cannot claim a subject who has become a naturalized American citizen. 2. He cannot.

J. Y. B.—The Belmont Stakes at Jerome Park, value $5,600, is the largest stake won by a running horse this season so far.

S. B. E., Harlem.—You could not take back the ten and play the king; the card was exposed, and must be treated as such.

J. H., Cleveland.—The dealer cannot claim a point for the cards running out. He is evidently ignorant of the game.

G. M. W.—1. Tom Bowling's time of 1:43¾; 1:43¾, is the best mile-heat time for a three-year-old or any age. 2. Alarm is now four years old.

F. M. B. B.—1. Wild Dayrell won the Derby in 1855. 2. Teddington the Derby in 1851. Will endeavor to answer your other question next week.

W. J. McE., Sandwich.—The time of the 2:21 race at Buffalo in August last was 2:20½; 2:21¾; 2:24; 2:26¾; 2:28.

P. T. P., Kensington.—Nominally they did not, but in 1869 they were in reality the champion club of the country, having defeated every club they had played with.

L. S., Greenville.—A, only wanting one point and making the two he gave for the pitch, goes out before B's low.

Amateur, Clayton.—He caught the bar of the trapeze with his hands, his body hanging below, and then he revolved as described. The trapeze was not guyed.

H. A. D.—1. We cannot give you the name of the inventor. 2. We cannot say whether it has been patented in England or not. If not, you could use it there.

W. B. W.—We never answer questions by mail, nor do we give opinions as to the relative merits of professional performers in this department.

Pony, Elmira.—A straight flush only counts as an ordinary flush, unless a special agreement otherwise has been made before commencing play.

P. H. T., Brooklyn.—Mlle. Vestvali has acted in "Gamea" at Niblo's Garden, but during her last engagement at that theatre she performed only in "Bel Demonio."

Jas.—Hatfield threw 132 yards in Cincinnati, and 136 in Brooklyn. The other assertion is correct, Berthrong having run the bases in 14 seconds.

Agent.—Apply in person to some minstrel or variety-hall manager. Show him what you can do, and solicit an engagement.

G. M., Fort Laramie.—When the census was taken in 1870, St. Louis had a population of 310,864, and Chicago of 298,977. These are the latest reliable figures we can give.

Tom Sayres.—1. There are about 220 newspapers published in New York City, including daily, weekly and semi-weekly papers. 2. We do not know.

Lost Creek.—C. Campbell held the title of champion sculler of England longer than any other man who ever possessed it—fifteen consecutive years.

Kansas City.—1. A man betting on a certainty assuredly wins, provided he has employed no fraud. 2. You win the bet on Goldsmith Maid's time.

Jas. T., Wheeling.—Bill Lang ran a mile, part down hill, in 4 min. 2 sec., and he and Bill Richards covered the distance, level ground, in 4:17¼.

G. E. C., Quebec.—Thanks. Such information will be accepted. 2. It is extremely doubtful if any of the parties mentioned will visit your city.

C. B.—1. It was not closed. 2. No. 3. Same as the other theatres. 4. In this city. 5 and 6. Read The Clipper.

Spike, Spuyten Duyvil.—It is no bet, for as A did not declare how he wanted C to vote, no decision could be rendered.

F. T. R., Dallas.—Goldsmith Maid and American Girl are both bays; the former 15 hands in height and the latter fully 16 hands.

Loquax, Cincinnati.—Address Stephen Roberts, 368 South street, this city, who can supply your wants in that line.

B. Riss, San Francisco.—1. It is not copyrighted. 2. Yes. 3. They must understand music to succeed well. 4. Yes.

Constant Reader.—The fastest times in which a mile has been run are 4min. 2sec., part down hill, and 4:17¼, level ground.

John Foley, Boston.—The race between the Paris crew of St. John, N. B., and the Ward brothers came off at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 21, 1868. The St. John four won.

C. E. S., Baltimore.—You are right. It is not a legitimate cut to take cards from the centre of the pack and place them on the top.

Jim Frawley.—A deposit is necessary to secure an insertion of the challenge.

Edmund G., Lewiston.—There is such a company, and their office is at the number mentioned.

Smith, Brooklyn.—Consult the directory of your own city.

C. M. S., Westhaven.—We think the party would be liable to a criminal prosecution for larceny.

C. F. L.—Dagger, whose positions in the race were 3, 2, 3, beats Sleepy Dick, who was 5, 3, 2.

Faro.—The heeled bet on the queen is to be paid only. The player could only lose one bet, and can only win one.

Cincinnatian.—The dealer cannot play alone after his partner has ordered him up.

Byron, P. D., Plattsburg.—1. Not upon record. 2. We do not require one.

Charlestown.—Tom Sayers was 39 years old when he died.

A. D. H.—Billy Bryce's 2:14¼ is the fastest pacing time on record.

G. F., Chicago.—See answer to G. W. T., Watertown. All the horses named performed the feat without stopping.

Raffles.—In throwing raffles, with dice, two 3's and a 4 beat two 4's and an ace.

W. F., Wellsville.—In a tie for game at seven-up, the non-dealer scores it.

A. B., Boston.—1. The near or right-hand side. 2. Alarm's 1:42¾, at Saratoga.

Yantacaw.—Dexter never trotted with a running mate against Ethan Allen or any other horse.

Good Samaritan, Ottawa.—Yes; the original Dan Rice is traveling with that show.

A. N. R., Santa Rosa.—They are placed about ten feet apart.

W. H. L., Newark.—1. We think not. 2. You would require a sinking fund of at least $5,000.

Tofie Ami, Baltimore.—The list of the company we have already published, and cannot spare the space to repeat it.

Harry Harris, Kingston.—Thank you for your offer, but no place.

E. Wallace.—We have already had something on that subject in a similar vein.

Rockingham.—"Is it possible to put two batters out at one time in the game of cricket?"......No.

J. W. McJ., Boston.—It is rather unevenly constructed, and is therefore declined.

F. S.—"Decided" has scarcely point enough to be of general interest.

J. R. F., Savannah.—"The Cot by the Sea" is not up to the mark for publication.

F. S. Moore, Marion.—A letter addressed in our care will reach him.

J. H. W., Natick.—London, Eng., is the largest city in the world.

Frank, Elizabeth.—"Ballroom Companion," $1, which you can got of Ed. James, who advertises.

J. G. H., Detroit.—A policeman has the same authority as a constable in making arrests.

Pressman, Brooklyn.—You can go there by the Long Island Railroad and by stage.

J. H., Baltimore.—Central Park, New York, has an area of 843 acres.

J. E. F., Newton.—The address was William Ashton, Post-office, St. Louis, Mo.

Charles Archer, pianist.—See notice at the head of the letter list in The Clipper.

Hattie Ellis, Scranton.—Letter was mailed as requested on June 28.

B. A. R., Boston.—Goldsmith Maid's fastest time, 2:16¾ was made at Mystic Park, Boston, June 29, 1872.

C. S. H., Boston.—You can either trump or throw away for any other suit, if he has not a card of the suit led.

L. L. L., Memphis.—You can get them of any photographer.

I. J., Morris.—1. It is impossible to decide the point; in our opinion, that of Cincinnati. 2. The Boston Club.

J. M., Danbury.—The breeder of Goldsmith Maid originally sold her for $250.

O. B. S., Utica.—The game is a stand-off, both players having reached 21.

J. C. A.—Ned Searles has made the best standing jump on record—12 feet 5¼ inches.

Old Reader, New York.—Send 12c., and we will send you The Clipper you require, prepaid.

C. E. C., Louisville.—It came to hand all right. You will receive card in a day or two.

W. R. R.—We know of no actress by that name in this city.

Boolee, Fort Warren.—See score in this week's paper.

J. N., Elmira.—Address him a letter in care of this office.

Dixey, Baltimore.—It is the fault of the news agents.

G. F. B.—Such a feat has never been accomplished.

Dixie, Chelsea.—Thanks; but you are too late.

Correspondent, Terre Haute.—We are supplied.

Dolph S., S.—It is a little too severe on the boys.

W. B. G., Providence.—We are already supplied.

Backgammon, Binghamton.—B's play was right.

C. W. Blodget.—We cannot spare the space.

Ignoramus, Lynn.—Born in this city in 1832.

C. H. T., Dansville.—A cannot claim game.

Constant Reader, Portland.—We cannot.

Amateur.—The Chelsea nine of Brooklyn.

Frank E. C.—Filed for early publication.

Bianca.—The game is "null and void."

W. S. H. & Co., Philadelphia.—He did.

Inquirer, Leavenworth.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will probably reach him.

Anonymous, Harford, Ct.—Such was the report given by the judges.

Trustee.—Harry Howard is alive.

T. M. C. D.—Respectfully declined.

George S.—Probably in our next.

J. R. A.—As if spelled Boo-see-co.

S. R. W.—Probably in this city.

W. M. M.—No.

GENTLEMAN vs. MAN.

Which is the proudest title, gentleman or man? What is a gentleman—how can you really distinguish him? A man *thinks* he is a gentleman because he dresses to perfection. For that much of the gentleman he is indebted to his tailor. His polished manners are frequently but on the surface, and may be borrowed from others. They say it takes "three generations to make a gentleman." Constant association from birth with highly-cultivated people must of course give refinement and ease, and that is always highly prized by everyone, particularly by the ladies—alas! too highly prized by them sometimes. It is easy to be a gentleman according to the common acceptation of the word, but it is very difficult to be a man in its true sense and meaning. Elegant surroundings, money, etc., will make the *ordinary* gentleman, but it is a very different thing to be one at heart. Honor is the first *real* ingredient. A man, however polished he may be, if he continually has it on his tongue that he "is a gentleman," is not one, and he knows it *inwardly*. It is conscience that continually tells him he is not what he affects to be, that makes him always anxious to impress it on others that he is what he seems. When a gentleman can place his hand upon his heart and say "I am a man," there is something to be proud of—by the man who can say he never willfully told a lie; never caused another human being pain; that, having gained the means to rank as a gentleman, never forgets that man, and not gentleman, was the real creation of God. To be a man in the true sense of the word is to aid the unfortunate; to help those who cannot help themselves; one who, when he lays his head on his pillow and counts up his riches, can say not one penny did he ever obtain by trickery, but for every step up Fortune's ladder he had held out his hand to those that were below him, so that he, being at the top, could watch the others who were by his aid looking to the same height. The man with a handsome face and lovable ways that can say he never dishonored one woman, but had rescued many—whose outdoor conduct would bear the inspection of his innocent wife and children—*that* man can call himself a gentleman if he likes; but a man, after all, is the proudest title, being the title bestowed upon him by his Maker.

* * *

The Atlantic Cable rarely fails to be amusing when, not content with the profits accruing from a recital of bare facts at one dollar per word, it "rises to explain." Note its tag to the statement that the Bank of England forgers had been sentenced to penal servitude for life: "This is the highest penalty which can be imposed under the laws!" What a pity that, in so civilized an age as this, George Bidwell and the three other accomplished penmen cannot be drawn and quartered, or—blown, Sepoy-like, from the mouth of a cannon.

* * *

The Mongolian who in California sought by a double murder to dignify his quite commonplace exploits as a cook was one-half failure, being successful with the pistol only as against himself. The object of his mad adoration was proof against a triplicate of bullets. She owes her life to the very article of wearing apparel that, say the doctors, has killed thousands of women. Her stays *stayed* the bullets, and hence it is to be remarked of what this lady tightens about her waist that *of corset's* a good thing.

* * *

And still they fly from Sing Sing. "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Thus in ancient times sang a poet who evidently understood his business, while seemingly all that our prison officials understand is that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." As they stand in need of no other liberty than that which would be implied were they dismissed from their posts, they are content to remit the vigilance to the convicts, who do all the watching—for a chance to escape.

* * *

Church people come up smiling after their Summer's frolic, as may be seen by glancing at the meek and lowly as they pass into the various sanctuaries with which this wicked metropolis is ornamented. The pastors look cheerful, also, since their return, showing that a little recreation exerts a healing influence on those who affect to save souls. It is to be hoped that pew-holders will be less churlish to strangers, hereafter, and give them a chance to hear the Word.

* * *

The power of femininity to cause mischief would seem to be on the increase. Week before last no less than eight men discharged pistols with fatal effect, solely on account of a petticoat or two. In six of these cases, the man not only contemplated his own death, but also that of his wife or his ladylove. All the men but one are dead, while all but one of the women live to call the pistol into play again after a proper period of mourning.

* * *

Gov. Dix does not differ materially from most other people in thinking that our blue-coated guardians of the peace are more likely to render efficient service by brandishing clubs than by pointing Remingtons; and consequently the ex-colonel of the gallant Seventh Regiment will not figure at the head of a battalion of soldier-police, Dur-yea mind?

* * *

A newly arrived emigrant was observed, a few days ago, pounding with a brick the shell of a turtle in front of a Broadway restaurant. We expostulated with the man for his cruelty. "Be jabbers," says he, "the bird's fasht; I'm jist breakin' the box till let him out."

* * *

It is now Wilkie Collins who becomes tainted with the charge of plagiarism. A Mrs. Hooper of Philadelphia lays claim to the plot of "The New Magdalen" as being that of her story, "Under False Colors," first published three years ago.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

⁂ The premises No. 139 Ninth street, Williamsburg, L. I., were discovered on fire on Sept. 4, and a search disclosed the crisped remains of Margaret Hammill. It is believed that she was murdered, and that the bed upon which she lay was fired to hide the crime. James and Sarah Merrigan, husband and wife, who occupied the premises, have been arrested upon suspicion of having perpetrated the deed from motives of robbery. The deceased, who in former years had befriended the Merrigans, is said to have always had money in her possession.

⁂ The mutilated remains found in Oyster Bay, and believed to be those of the missing Charles G. Kelsey, who was tarred and feathered last Fall, and is now thought to have been murdered to screen the perpetrators of that gross outrage, were on Sept. 5 interred in the family burying-ground at Huntington. L. I., in presence of a large concourse. The coroner's inquest is still in progress, and a strict surveillance is being kept upon all who are suspected of having participated in the tarring and feathering.

⁂ Mrs. Josephine Rowland and her stepsister, Miss Baptiste, charged with assault and battery, also with aggravated assault and battery, and finally with assault and battery with intent to kill, all upon the person of the first-named woman's stepdaughter, Mary Rowland, were on Sept. 5, in Philadelphia, Pa., found guilty as to the first two counts, and acquitted as to the third. The punishment imposed is imprisonment for three years, and a fine of $1,000. It is thought that their counsel will move for a new trial.

⁂ William Meaghan and John Taylor, as they styled themselves, were arrested on Sept. 5 upon the charge of having entered the dressing room of the ballet girls at Niblo's Garden, in this city, and there outraged the person of Miss Rosa Finley, one of the dancers engaged in "The Black Crook." When discovered, the unfortunate victim was in spasms and suffering terribly. From other indications, it was adjudged that morphine had been administered to her.

⁂ Marx Henser, aged fifty-three, and residing with his wife and four children at 245 E. Twenty-eighth street, in this city, attempted to kill both himself and wife on Sept. 4. He had been drinking heavily for upwards of a week, and, returning home at about 9.20 on the night of the 4th, he took a pistol from his pocket, and first shot his wife and then himself. It was thought at the time that both would die, leaving four young children orphaned by rum; but as we go to press they are in a fair way to recover.

⁂ Morris Purpil was arrested at Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 5, upon the charge of having set fire to the Fashion Stud Stable at Trenton, N. J., by the burning of which so many valuable horses were lost. Purpil, who had been employed at the Stable, was discharged, whereupon, it is alleged, he uttered threats to the effect that the Stable would not be left standing another week.

⁂ John Broderick, who was stabbed by his father, Michael Broderick, at the same time that the latter killed his younger son, James, escaped from Bellevue Hospital on Sept. 2. It is said that the wounded man had heard that the District attorney purposed having him indicted for perjury in giving testimony exonerating his father at the Coroner's inquest.

⁂ The reanimated old steamboat Granite State, temporarily running between this port and New Haven, Ct., in place of the disabled Elm City, signalized her reappearance in eastern waters by cutting in two the tug-boat Vixen, while passing through Hell Gate at 1.30 A. M. on Sept. 7. Captain Perkins of the tug was drowned, and the engineer was badly hurt about the head.

⁂ At Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept. 5, while Arnold Harris, a harbor policeman was lying in wait for an offender, he was approached from behind by a rough named Denis Mahony. The latter, having assumed a belligerent attitude, was ordered to halt and surrender. This he refused to do, whereupon the policeman fired, instantly killing him.

⁂ Bills of indictment for manslaughter have been found by the Grand Jury of the Chicago, Ill., Criminal Court, against Puffenburg and Bean, respectively engineer and conductor of the freight-train that caused the fatal collision at Lamont, on the Chicago and Alton Railroad.

⁂ A cable dispatch via London, Eng., says that the mail steamship Madras, from Hong Kong for Yokohama, struck near the Three Chimney Heads on Sept. 5, and sustained severe damage. The mails, specie and passengers were saved.

⁂ The Texas Democratic Convention met Sept. 4, and, after denouncing the back-salary enterprise, called for the resignation of all Texas Congressmen who had succumbed to the seductions of an unexpected increase in pay.

⁂ A fire that broke out on Aug. 30 and raged for two days in the mine at Pottsville, Pa., worked by the Oakdale Coal and Mining Company, has thrown a large number of workmen out of employment, besides causing a loss of several hundred thousand dollars.

⁂ On Sept. 1, while Patrick McCormick was in a tavern on Broad street, Philadelphia, Pa., he was fatally wounded by a pistol-ball that, it is alleged, came through a window, as if from the opposite side of the street. The affair is surrounded with mystery.

⁂ The Antietam Paper Mills, located two miles east of Hagerstown, Md., and owned by Messrs. Stonebreaker & Dushane, were burned Sept. 4. Loss, $80,000; insurance, $40,000.

⁂ The case of Page McCarthy, charged with having killed Mordecai in a duel, was called on Sept. 4 at Richmond, Va., and adjourned until Oct. 16. McCarthy will be bailed in $10,000.

⁂ A square of buildings in Havana, Cuba, and known as the Plaza Vapor, was fired simultaneously in all four of its corners on Sept. 7, and entirely destroyed. Loss, $8,000,000.

⁂ Capt. William B. Whittaker and George Mickle fell from the masthead of a vessel at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the 4th inst. The former was instantly killed, the latter seriously injured.

⁂ In Philadelphia, Pa., on Sept. 4, Margaret Montgomery, while intoxicated, made a murderous assault upon her husband, cutting him in the throat, head and face, and inflicting probably fatal injuries.

⁂ At St. Louis, Mo., on the 4th inst., Archibald Duncan, a laboring man, shot his wife, the ball entering her left side and coming out at the right. He then shot himself in the head. Neither is expected to live.

⁂ The result of the State election in California is a Democratic anti-railroad triumph. Both branches of the Legislature are Democratic, and there are believed to be considerable gains in purely local offices.

⁂ A dispatch from Bombay, India, dated Sept. 1, says that a ferry-boat on the Indus, while crossing the river near Kairah, capsized and sank in deep water. Ninety persons are reported to have been drowned.

⁂ The paper-mill of Sturdevant & Co., at Mount Pleasant, N. Y., together with the saw-mill of Isaac Longyear, was burned on Sept. 1. Loss, about $35,000; insurance unknown.

⁂ Jacob M. Jones, colored, who killed Charles Wilson, also colored, was sentenced at Harrisburg, Pa., on Sept. 2, to imprisonment in the Easton Penitentiary for life, having been found guilty of murder in the second degree.

⁂ Additional particulars as to the great storm on the Nova Scotia coast are to the effect that there were sixty-six more vessels stranded than reported heretofore, and thirty-five more sailors lost.

⁂ William Burke, convicted of having cut Officer McKenzie of this city with a carving-knife, was on Sept. 3 sentenced by Judge Sutherland to five years in State Prison.

⁂ As a result of the premature explosion of a blast at New Ipswich, N. H., on the 30th ult., two brothers named Daniel and Foster Merrill will in all probability lose their eyesight.

⁂ A yawl-boat containing nine men was on Sept. 1 run down by the steamer Jay Cooke, plying between Cleveland, O., and Put-in Bay. Four of the men were drowned, and a fifth had his shoulder broken.

⁂ On Sept. 3 the Massachusetts Democratic State Convention nominated William Gaston for Governor, and adopted resolutions in harmony with the declaration of the Ohio Democrats.

⁂ The coroner's jury in the matter of the fallen building in West Eleventh street, this city, whereby the lives of several workmen were sacrificed, has declared the contractors blamable, and the coroner has held them to bail.

⁂ Policeman Price, who on Aug. 30 shot and killed James Keohane in Philadelphia, Pa., was on Sept. 5 admitted to bail. The policeman, at the time the fatal shot was fired, was attempting to quell a disturbance.

⁂ Rowland Hill of Trenton, N. J., while out on Sept. 5 for a day's shooting with some friends, struck the hammer of his gun against the seat of a wagon into which he was getting, and discharged the contents into his heart.

⁂ While Capt. Vonderheyden of the steamship Vaderland, lying at Philadelphia, Pa., was being serenaded on Sept. 4, two of the crew, engaged in waltzing, fell overboard and were drowned.

⁂ Harris' new mill at Woonsocket, R. I., was on Sept. 5 the scene of a boiler explosion, which killed one man, seriously hurt another and a boy, and so injured the fireman, Patrick O'Neil, that he died in a few minutes.

⁂ A cabinet shop, together with several small tenement houses, was burned in St. Louis, Mo., on Sept. 2. Loss, between $12,000 and $15,000.

⁂ A dispatch via London, Eng., Sept. 3, says that eight persons were killed and fifteen others hurt by an accident on the Luxemburg Railway.

⁂ Mrs. Fanny Hyde, who is awaiting a second trial for the murder of George W. Watson, her employer, was on Sept. 3 released from custody, upon $2,500 bail.

⁂ John May's stables, and also a part of his hotel, at West Catskill, N. Y., were burned on the 3d inst. Loss, $4,000.

⁂ The Merrimac House and stables in Nashua, N. H., owned by Geo. E. Boutwell, were burned on Sept. 3. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $7,000.

⁂ A. Methoff & Co.'s hardware establishment in Columbus, O., was burned on Sept. 3. Loss on stock, $15,000; total insurance, $35,000.

⁂ John Evans, colored, was on Sept. 3 sentenced in General Sessions of this city to ten years in State Prison for having stolen $75 from Christian H. Knobb.

⁂ General Hidalgo has resigned the Captain-generalship of Madrid, and General Riguenro has been appointed his successor.

⁂ An extensive fire in Oskosh, Wis., on Sept. 4, destroyed a block of buildings and several saloons. Loss not ascertained.

⁂ The Phoenix Planing-mill, Chicago, occupied by Holtslander, Rundel & Daniels, was entirely consumed on Sept. 4. Loss, about $37,000; insured for $17,000.

⁂ In Troy, N. Y., Sept. 5, twelve houses were burned by a fire that originated in a barn. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $25,000.

⁂ A tornado swept over Granby, Mass., on Sept. 5, demolishing one house, unroofing others, and destroying the crops.

⁂ Continued heavy fires in Boston, Mass., have aroused the authorities to the necessity for a thorough organization of their Fire Department.

⁂ One man was killed and seven others burned by a collision on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, Sept. 7.

⁂ Elijah Miller, colored, was murdered by Geo. Chase, also colored, at the Blue Bell Tavern, near Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 7.

⁂ A tornado in Massachusetts on Sept. 6 destroyed barns and other farm property, besides demolishing a schoolhouse in New Boston.

⁂ France has been officially notified that the occupation of French territory by German troops is legally ended.

⁂ Five men, charged with being engaged in a plot to assassinate Don Carlos, were executed at Estella, Spain, Sept. 6.

⁂ The motion for a new trial in the Elliott Clark social-evil case at St. Louis, Mo., was overruled on Sept. 6. The case will be carried to the Supreme Court on appeal.

⁂ The Massasoit House, at Atchison, Kansas, was destroyed on Sept. 3. Loss, $25,000; insured for $17,000.

⁂ John Shortelle was stabbed, it is feared fatally, by F. P. Blair, plumber, at Washington, D. C., Sept. 7.

⁂ A fire in Newcastle, Pa., on Sept. 1, caused a loss of $75,000; one-half insured.

⁂ On Sept. 1, 3,213 emigrants arrived at Castle Garden from different parts of Europe.

⁂ A colliery explosion at Swansea, Great Britain, on the morning of Sept. 1, killed five men.

⁂ A fire that caused a loss of $500,000 is reported from Calle del Cabo, Valparaiso.

⁂ The Minnesota Farmers' Convention, held on Sept. 3, nominated Asa Barton for Governor.

⁂ A telegram from Rome, dated Sept. 5, says that Pope Pius is again indisposed in health.

⁂ The Fulton Grain Elevator, at Chicago, Ill., was burned on the morning of the 7th inst. Loss, $125,000.

⁂ On Sept. 7, in Louisville, Ky., the Diamond block of buildings was consumed. Loss, $50,000.

⁂ William Dwyer, the prize-fighter, was stabbed and killed by John Harrington, in San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 6.

⁂ The Salamander Fire-brick Works at Albany, N. Y., were burnt on Sept. 6. Loss, $50,000.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

APPELMAN, Col. Hiram—Late Secretary of State of Connecticut. Died from wounds received at the battle of Antietam, in which he commanded the Eighth Connecticut Regiment—Mystic Bridge, Ct., Sept. 4.

AYME, Dr. Henry—Well-known physician of Morrisania, N. Y.—that place, Sept. 5.

BYRON, Elizabeth Mary, Dowager—Daughter of the late Mr. Saccheverel Chandos Pole, of Redbourne, Leicestershire, and married in 1816 to George Anson, seventh Lord Byron. Mother of George Anson, eighth and present Lord Byron—Kirby, Eng., recently, aged 79.

BARRINGER, Daniel Moreau—Born in Cabarras County, N. C., and in 1826 graduated at the University of that State. Having chosen the law as his profession, he began its practice in 1829, and in that same year was elected to the Legislature. Besides the services he rendered as a member of the Convention which met in 1835 to amend the State Constitution, he represented his State in Congress from 1843 to 1849. Having in the latter year been appointed Minister to Spain by President Taylor, he continued in that position throughout the Presidency of Millard Fillmore. On his return to this country, he was again elected to the Legislature of North Carolina. In 1855, declining a renomination, he retired to private life and the pursuit of literature, but nevertheless found time to serve as a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861, and also to the National Union Convention held in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1866—White Sulphur Springs, Va., Sept. 1, aged about 70.

BLISS, Dr. W. W.—Orange, N. J., Sept. 5, aged 51.

BROWN, John, Jr.—President of the Second National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., president of the Gas Company of that city, and for many years identified with the municipal government, having served in Councils and filled several other public positions in the community. At the time of his death he was a member of the Poor Board—Allegheny, Pa., Sept. 1.

BRUCE, C. Amory—Advance agent for shows, etc. (See Miscellaneous Show News)—Boston, Mass., Sept. 4.

COVINGTON, John T.—Served during the war in the Fourth Regiment N. Y. V. (First Scott Life Guards), of which he was a lieutenant—Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 2.

CARDO, Jacob N., Sr.—The oldest living editor in the South, having for nearly seventy-five years been connected with Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., newspapers—the latter city, Aug. 30, aged 87.

CREED, William H.—Member of the Edward J. Shandley Association, and also of the Young Men's R. C. Benevolent Association, both of this city—Here, Sept. 3, aged 29.

DWYER, William—Pugilist. (See Ring Department)—San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 5, aged 34.

FOX, John—Detailed as court-officer in Judge Walsh's Court, Brooklyn, L. I. Had been on the police force since 1857—that city, Sept. 7.

GRANGENEIE, Dardenne de la—French journalist, and contributor to *Le Figaro* and *Le Gaulois*. During the Franco-Prussian war, he organized the "Ambulance de la Presse," which rendered efficient service in feeding the hungry and relieving the wounded soldiery. For this he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor—Paris, France, Aug. 15, aged 38.

GOLDSMITH, Miss Maria—Daughter of the late Rev. John Goldsmith, D. D.—Newton, L. I., Aug. 30.

GALLAGHER, Charles C.—Vice-chancellor of Myrtle Lodge, No. 2, Knights of Pythias, and well known as a restaurateur of Jacksonville, Fla.—that place, Aug. 25, aged 28.

GRAVES, Horace W.—A well-known citizen, and also a member of the Excelsior Fishing Club of this city—here, Sept. 1, aged 52.

GREGORY, Mrs.—Mother of A. W. Gregory, low comedian at the Capitol Theatre, Albany, N. Y.—Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 4.

HUBBARD, Hon. Demas—Elected to Congress in 1864, having previously served two years in the N. Y. State Assembly—Smyrna, N. Y., Sept. 2, aged 68.

HICKMAN, Robert Singleton—A noted character in Washington, D. C., in former years, and variously known, from his foppishness of dress, as "Beau Hickman" and "The American Beau Brummel"—Washington, D. C., Aug. 30, aged about 60.

HILLIARD, Rev. Stacy W.—Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Perth Amboy, N. J. Had been presiding elder for many districts, and also a delegate to the General Conference—that place, Aug. 31, aged 49.

HOPSON, William A.—Eldest son of Rev. Oliver Hopson of Macon, Ga.—this city, Aug. 31, aged 37.

HUDSON, William—An old and respected citizen of Hartford, Ct. In early life he was a printer, and is said to have printed the first Bible that emanated from a press in this country—that city, Sept. 6.

JONES, William T.—Member of Enterprise Lodge, No. 228, F. and A. M., and also of the New Jersey Yacht Club of Hoboken—the latter city, Sept. 3, aged 45.

KING, Edward—Of the firm of Rhodes, King & Co. of this city—here, Aug. 31.

LAMONT, Charles A.—Influential member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange. Fell from a window of his residence—this city, Sept. 6, aged 47.

McILRAVY, Charles—Brother-in-law of the Hon. John Kelly, and prominently identified with the Democracy of the west side, being a member of the Ninth Assembly District General Committee—this city, Sept. 2, aged 68.

NICHOLS, Edwin—Ex-alderman of Brooklyn, N. Y., and son of the late Samuel Nichols—Hempstead, L. I., Sept. 6, aged 59.

OWENS, William—Sergeant trumpeter in the British army, having served under the two Georges, William the Fourth and Queen Victoria. He was with the army during its occupancy of Paris, and also at Waterloo—this city, Sept. 3, aged 82.

OLNEY, Deacon James—A foremost member of the First Baptist Church, Pawtucket, R. I.—that place, Aug. 31.

OWENS, Prof. Thomas—Magician. (See Miscellaneous Show News)—St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 2.

PORQUET, M. Fenwick de—Son of Captain Fenwick, an English officer, and born in Paris. Adopting the name of his mother, he began adult life as a teacher of languages, and subsequently became widely known throughout Great Britain in connection with French and other foreign scholastic works. During the last fifty years of his life he wrote and published upwards of seventy works, the best known of which is "Le Tresor," long a text book in the English schools—London, Eng., recently, aged 77.

REID, Chester Isham—Formerly Judge of the Circuit Court of Boston, and recently Attorney-general and Judge of the Superior Court, Mass.—White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., Sept. 2, aged 73.

RINGS, Hon. D.—First Chief-justice of Arkansas, and for twelve years U. S. Judge of the Eastern District of Arkansas—Little Rock, Ark., Sept. 3, aged 75.

SAYRES, Abigail—Sister of the late Rev. Gilbert H. Sayres, D. D.—Jamaica, L. I., Sept. 1, aged 75.

TUCKER, Eugene—Son of the Rev. Mr. Tucker, a Baptist clergyman of Brunswick, Me. Drowned while bathing—that place, Aug. 30, aged 20.

TAYLOR, Charles—Known in the circus arena as Charles Graham. (See Circus Department.)—St. Joseph, Mo., Sept. 3, aged 34.

VESTRIS, Carlo, Count of Parma—A member of the celebrated Vestris family, and once a famous dancer—Florence, Italy, recently, aged 97.

VEDETO, Charles—A detective attached to the Central Police-office, Brooklyn, L. I.—that city, Sept. 6, aged 41.

WILHELM, William—A well-known cattle-dealer of Baltimore, Md. Committed suicide—Mount Hope Retreat, Md., Aug. 31.

WARD, Mrs. Caroline Brown—Relict of the late Dr. Samuel L. Ward—Belleville, N. J., Sept. 3, aged 77.

WARD, Thomas C.—Son of the late Dr. Thomas Ward of this city—Detroit, Mich. Sept. 1.

WIDEN, Captain Joseph—Died from injuries received from the explosion of the steamer George C. Wolf—St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 31.

SQUIBS AND THINGS.

—A fellow who's been "over in New Jersey" contributes the following:

"Oh! the skeeter, the beautiful skeeter,
Filling the air with melodious meter,
Under our hat and tickling our nose,
Taking a bite through a hole in our clothes.
In through the window, opening the door,
Filling our chamber and singing the sweeter,
Ever I found the untiring muskeeter!"

—A backslider from a Nashville church lately sent the following communication to the pastor: "After holding my works for several months, I was again attacked furiously, and, after being shelled for several weeks with mortars, I was again routed—horse and dragoon. On my retreat I was captured and carried up on the top of a mountain, and promised all the lands in my survey if I would join the devil's army, which I have done. Now, under the foregoing circumstances, and knowing that I am no longer a soldier of the Cross, I shall have to withdraw from your pious brigade. Therefore, please accept this as my resignation."

—"Olive Harper," who writes letters from Vienna to one of our city papers, among other amusing things tells how during a trip by rail she "stopped at twelve for dinner. I was dusty and wanted to get washed. A man showed me into a lavatory for ladies and officiously poured out water, soaped a towel and suddenly took me by the back of the neck and washed my face for me. I dared not open my eyes nor mouth to protest, but maybe I wasn't mad!"

—The author of "Ever of Thee" was once a man of wealth and good social position, but became dissipated, spent his fortune and was cast off by the lady he loved. Wherefore the song—words and music—were written, and for them he received about $100,000. He was afterwards locked up in Newcastle prison on a charge of forgery, and there died of a broken heart before he was brought to trial.

—Five men lately made a bet that they could remain awake for seven successive days and nights; and one of them succeeded in the undertaking, though he lost twenty-five pounds of flesh. Two fell asleep at the expiration of one hundred and thirty hours; another was attacked with inflammation of the lungs and compelled to desist; and the other fell asleep on horseback, fell off, and broke his arm.

—The following sentence, written out full, was lately pronounced by a justice of the peace in Guinnett Co., Ga.: "let the prisner StaN Up. yu, sir, has bin Found Guilty, & tried uv the Offense of shutin at your Nabor. Yu shal then be took from the bar ov this court by the honorable baleef of this court, and carryed into the adjinen county uv rok-Dale, & thar yu shall remain in Everlastin banishment forever from the honorable county of guinnett."

—A telegraph operator, after several futile attempts to establish communication with the next office, where the operator was a young lady, at last succeeded in getting a response, whereupon he telegraphed: "I have been trying to get you for the last half hour!" To which came the prompt reply: "That's nothing. There is a young man here who's been trying to do the same thing for the last two years, and he hasn't got me yet."

—In speaking of our present reform city government, an evening paper says: "The city debt goes on increasing, but we don't mind it. New Yorkers are people of large ideas, and their hobby is 'principle.' They'd rather have an 'honest man' in office and lose ten millions a year than let a rogue steal ten cents." And it does seem as though the man who wrote that knew something of the matter whereof he wrote.

—A verification of the saying "Man wants but little," etc., may be found in the case of a man who for ten years has lived alone on an island in Moosehead Lake, Me., his dwelling being a dry-goods box in Summer and a hogshead in Winter. His food has been of the wild products of nature, and his dress has cost him $5 for the whole ten years.

—Jenkins has gone to the country, and in a letter "writes up" a sunset as follows: "As the lengthening shadows merge one into another, betokening the end of day, the ridges and spires of the city seem girt with molten gold, while the mellowed light of the declining sun falls upon them, and soon upon all a ruby tinge o'erflows."

—A Memphis justice lately hit upon a novel way of settling a case brought before him involving the ownership of a goose, the bird being claimed by both parties to the suit. After patiently hearing all the evidence he thought it only "just" to take the goose himself and fine each of the claimants.

—Already are they beginning to talk of building large hotels in Philadelphia for the accommodation of expected visitors to the Centennial Exhibition. It is proposed to build "the largest hotel in the United States" on the ground now occupied by the Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot.

—Niji-Novgorod, who was born a Russian subject in 1746, and once was cook for Catherine II, and also served in the ranks in the Russian army from 1795 to 1814, lately died, leaving a youthful son of ninety-six to shift for himself.

—A young lady of Lawrenceville lately threatened a fickle wooer with a suit for breach of promise, but compromised for six dollars and a new switch. And one of the opposite sex, who "knows how it is himself," says "unrequited love is the toothache of the soul."

—An Iowa editor lately "made one" of a croquet party, and now he mourns because he hasn't a "pen plucked by the queen of fairies from the brightest and most gorgeously tinted tuft of the bird of paradise, and dipped in golden ink," to write a description of it.

—A reader of one of our religious weeklies says: "On any question involving the height of a candlestick, the breadth of an altar cloth, the length of a genuflection, or the depth of an alms basin, its fervor is apostolic and its logic Aristotlian."

—An Illinois youth lately told his sweetheart not to write such warm letters, because, should they never marry and the effusions be read in court in a breach of promise case, she'd be sure to obtain damages. She doesn't write to him any more, and he is unhappy.

—A Kentuckian being very sick and, as he said, "about to chip in," sent for a minister, when his patient wife remarked that it was all nonsense; all of his family had died and gone to—(where ministers are not supposed to go), and she didn't see any use in dividing them.

—Philadelphia, judging from the death columns of its daily papers, must be a city of old folks. During the first half of the present year *The Public Ledger* has announced the decease of three hundred and twenty-eight persons who were over eighty years old.

—Three brothers in New Hampshire lately married three ladies, their relationship being mother, daughter and granddaughter; and now they are unhappy because they can't tell what relation their children will be to each other.

—Passengers on one of the North River steamers were much amused on a late trip by reading the following notice, posted in the saloon: "Lost—a valise containing several manuscript sermons in writing, and other articles of clothing. Inquire of Rev. J. P."

—A New Londoner has beautified his carriage-house by putting thereon a weather-vane representing a pack of hounds in pursuit of a deer, and costing $2,000. It is said to be "a beautiful picture, and the hostler takes it indoors at night."

—There are seventy-five match factories in the United States, in which 2,600 persons are employed and a capital of nearly two millions of dollars invested—their products amounting to $3,600,000 a year.

—Mr. W. Gilliner, a journeyman shoemaker who became popular through the founding of an education league, is to be a candidate for parliament at the next general election in Birmingham, Eng.

—A market gardener has the following notice posted on his fence: "Gentlemen and ladies are requested not to steal turnips. Other persons, if detected, will be prosecuted."

—A Pottsville father thus advertises: "Fair Offer.—To the Public.—I have too many boys and no girls. Two boys came to my house last night. They are twins, and I will swop one or both of them for a girl. W. H. R."

—In Paris it is noted as a singular fact that those Americans who soonest gain a knowledge of the French language are either single men or married men unaccompanied by their wives.

—An Oregon chap not long ago took his wife that was to be out for a ride and disputed with the toll-gate keeper for overcharging him, whereat the lady became indignant and refused to ratify the engagement.

—Six weeks ago an Illinois widow fainted away at the grave of her husband, and all night lay in an unconscious state—her senses have now returned, and she is the happy wife of another husband.

—Pressed bricks with enameled faces of any desired color, with a surface that can be cleaned like glass and is impervious to water or acids, are being manufactured in Pittsburgh.

—On account of the cholera, an Alabama firm announces the close of their soda-water stand but their "tickets will be redeemed with a reliable cholera mixture."

—A novel feature of the Caledonia Club games at Scranton, Pa., was a fat-women's race—the prize a new bonnet. The lightest of the competitors, of whom there were four, weighed 180lb, the heaviest 251.

—A gossiper from one of our watering-places says the belle of a late ball "wore a showy white dress enlivened with pink, which was in harmony with her jolly good nature."

—"Sheet and pillow-case masquerades" are becoming quite "common" at watering-place hotels. No doubt the sheets and cases are "common" enough.

—Canes of ebony with knob handles out of which come small silk fans handsomely decorated and edged with lace, are the latest of late novelties for ladies.

—An architectural critic says the plan for Chicago's new Court-house looks like a "cigar box with a pickle-bottle at one end, and a lot of pepper castors on top."

—A Long Island congregation lately held a special service to pray for rain—most of them got a thorough soaking as they were homeward bound.

—In forty years the population of London, Eng., has doubled, and the number of fires have trebled in twoscore years.

—It is estimated that 120,000 children are employed in the factories of New York, their average earning being about $3 a week.

—A Long Island pisciculturist estimates his profits for the past four years at half a million dollars—and his business is rapidly increasing.

—An old maid says she knows by her own experience that the saying "man proposes" is a base lie—she wishes 'twas the truth.

—The cream of Long Branch society refresh themselves with buttermilk punch.

—A fashionable trimming for wedding dresses is flowers of mother of pearl.

—It has been noticed that the most extravagant people at Summer resorts are old men with young wives.

—A Mexican plant which will cure baldness has lately been discovered.

—The Vienna Exposition buildings cost about $10,000,000—$4,000,000 more than it was estimated they would cost.

—A court martial recently decided that it was ungentlemanly conduct to murder a man.

—The cook at a Lafayette hotel is anxious to wager that he can kill, dress and cook a chicken in six minutes.

—Several years ago large sums of money were lost in a scheme for supplying London with milk through pipes.

* * *

Pitch in the Pot.—A match for a supper came off at King's, West Forty-second street, this city, on the 30th ult., the contestants being Mike Walsh and Charley Williams against Tommy Johnson and Johnny Woods (who played instead of Frank Marshall, who was unable to come). The match was witnessed by a large crowd of the admirers of this exciting game. The score stood, at the conclusion—Williams and Walsh, 61; Johnson and Woods, 40. The largest run was 6 points, made by both Walsh and Johnson. Considerable money changed hands; Tom Devlin and Charley Jinks losing heavily. Walsh, who was decidedly the more skillful player, won his pile. Woods was very nervous, and played badly. The supper came off on Wednesday evening, 3d inst.

* * *

Two quoit matches are to be played during the present week at James McLaren's grounds, No. 285 Ogden street, Newark, N. J. The first is between Nelly Pearson of Pennsylvania, and Douglas, a Scotch expert, and will come off on Tuesday, 9th inst. The principals in the second, which will take place on the 11th, are Pearson and Ralph Hague of Paterson. Each match is for $200 a side.

* * *

The Revere Associates held their annual picnic at Standley's Grove, Beverly, Mass., Sept. 2, at which several prizes were offered for competition and awarded as follows: Running race, J. Howe and Mr. Condon; jumping, Messrs. Condon and T. Daily; throwing 50lb. weight, M. O'Connell, who covered 24ft. 2in.; dancing, E. T. McAvoy and Miss Mary A. Kelleher.

* * *

Messrs. Drinkwater and Walsh played a quoit match at Frankford, Pa., Sept. 1, for $50 a side, the former winning by a score of 61 to 54.

TRIGGER.

The pigeon match between Charles Townsend of English Neighborhood, N. J., and Thomas Broadway of New York, for $250 a side, 30 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1¼oz. shot, find, trap and handle for each other, came off at Coney Island Sept. 3. After shooting at twenty-three birds each, Townsend killing 17 to his antagonist's 16, a dispute occurred, and Broadway refusing to continue when ordered to do so by the referee, that official declared the stakes forfeited to Townsend. Referee, J. H. Wingate. Judges—H. A. Green and Westbourne.

John Woltz and Winn Swearingen shot a pigeon match for $100, fifty singles each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1oz shot, plunge trap, at Oskaloosa, Iowa, Sept. 1, the former winning by a score of 48 to 46, one of his birds falling dead out of bounds. Swearingen had the advantage in birds, and, all things considered, the shooting of Woltz is regarded as far superior to that of his antagonist.

Moses Myers of Belleville and E. M. Quimby of Morristown, N. J., shot a pigeon match, 50 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall, 1¼oz. shot, H trap, for $300, at Waverly Park Sept. 4. Myers won, killing 36 to his antagonist's 26 out of 41. A. Van Valkenburg of Newark was referee.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Sept. 9, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sept. 10, Athletic vs. Boston, at Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 11, Atlantic vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sept. 11, Philadelphia vs. Boston at Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 12, Atlantic vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn, N. Y.
Sept. 13, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA vs. ATHLETIC.

THE PHILADELPHIAS WIN—SCORE, 6 TO 5.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The sixth championship game between the clubs above named was played at the grounds at Jefferson and Twenty-fifth streets, Philadelphia, Monday afternoon, Sept. 8, in the presence of nearly four thousand persons. The weather, although cloudy, was favorable, and the ground in fair condition, except the catcher's position. The Philadelphias won the game in the first inning, making four unearned runs by errors of Anson and McGeary, and Malone's and Meyerle's good batting. In the second and fourth innings the Athletics earned singles by the good batting of Sutton, McMullin, McGeary and Fisler, and in the third inning they scored three unearned runs by the poor play of Meyerle, Fulmer and Wood. The Philadelphias earned their only run in the third inning by a two-base hit of Bechtel's, and scored the winning run in the seventh inning by Cuthbert's good hit and lives given him at second base by Reach and McGeary. The Athletics outfielded their opponents after the first inning, McMullin doing the best playing. Fulmer did the best fielding for the Philadelphias. The game was an exceedingly exciting one. The score follows:

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Cuthbert, l f	1	3	3	0	McGeary, s s	1	2	1	4
Wood, 2d b	1	0	5	1	McBride, p	0	0	1	1
Malone, c	1	2	2	0	Anson, 1st b	1	2	3	0
Meyerle, 3d b	1	2	1	2	Fisler, 1st b	1	1	7	0
Bechtel, r f	1	1	2	1	Fisher, r f	0	0	2	1
Fulmer, s s	1	2	3	2	Sutton, 3d b	1	1	4	0
Treacy, c f	0	1	2	0	Clapp, c	1	1	2	0
Devlin, 1st b	0	0	8	0	Murnan, c f	0	1	2	0
Zettlein, p	0	0	1	1	McMullin, l f	0	1	5	0
Totals	6	10	27	8	Totals	5	9	27	6

Philadelphia	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	—6
Athletic	0	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	—5

Runs earned—Athletic, 2; Philadelphia, 1. Bases on errors—Athletic, 7; Philadelphia, 5. Umpire—N. E. Young, Washington Club. Time—1h. 40m.

BOSTON vs ATLANTIC.

(BY TELEGRAPH.)

The match on Sept. 8 at Boston, Mass., resulted in a victory for the Bostons by the following score of innings:

Boston	0	0	2	5	6	2	0	0	0	—15
Atlantic	2	0	0	6	0	0	2	0	0	—10

Umpire—Mr. Lowell.

MUTUAL vs. IRVINGTON.

These clubs had a practice game together at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 8, which resulted in the success of the Mutuals by the appended score. Eggler was absent, and Phelps played in the Mutual nine in his place. The Atlantics are to play the Mutuals on Thursday, instead of Wednesday, as announced in the daily papers, the change being made on account of the balloon ascension on Wednesday. The Mutuals play the White Stockings on Saturday; the Atlantics play them the previous day.

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	IRVINGTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Phelps, r f	2	0	6	0	Crawford, c	2	0	6	1
Higham, c	3	2	7	3	Bailey, c f	0	1	1	0
Hatfield, l f	2	2	1	0	Joyce, s s	0	1	1	3
Start, 1st b	1	2	4	0	Stockman, l f	0	1	4	0
Nelson, 3d b	3	1	2	0	McGovern, 1st b	1	1	8	0
Allison, c f	3	2	2	0	Nutman, 3d	0	0	4	0
Matthews, p	3	3	1	1	Laughlin, 2d b	1	1	0	5
Gedney, 2d b	2	2	2	1	Snyder, r f	1	1	1	0
Holdsworth, s s	1	5	2	1	H. Campbell, p	1	1	2	4
Totals	20	19	27	6	Totals	6	5	27	13

Mutual	5	0	3	6	2	1	0	3	0	—20
Irvington	0	0	0	2	1	2	0	1		—6

First base by errors—Mutual, 12; Irvington, 2. Runs earned—Mutual, 5; Irvington, 2. Total fielding errors—Mutual, 11; Irvington, 19. Umpire—Mr. Swandell of the Resolute Club. Time—1h. 50m.

ATHLETIC vs. WASHINGTON.

The Washingtons concluded their week's tour on Sept. 6, at Philadelphia, by playing there the sixth championship game of their series with the Athletics. The weather was cool and pleasant, yet the attendance was very small, few persons knowing of the "fixture." The Athletics had won the five preceding games very easily by the respective scores of 12 to 3, 14 to 3, 30 to 19, 14 to 0, and 7 to 2, and were backed at long odds to win this contest in a couple of innings. Al Reach was played on the Athletic's nine instead of Murnan, with a view to strengthening them at the bat, Anson again playing second base, and Fisler first, although a change for the better might be made by Reach and Anson exchanging positions. The Athletics batted very freely, and with considerable effect in this game, especially in the second, third, fifth and eighth innings, when they made fourteen runs on fifteen base hits. Five fielding errors, however, prevented more than three runs being earned. The fielding of the Washingtons was very sharp in the other five innings, but three errors being committed, and in two instances the players thus reaching the bases were "doubled-up." In the second inning of the Washingtons, Thomas drove a fine ball to left centre for three bases, and scored a run, aided by Clapp passing a ball, the other run scored by the Washingtons being in the ninth inning on basehits by Bellaski, Hines, and Donnelly, and an error of Anson's. The catching of Clapp, and second-base playing of Thomas, were the most noteworthy features of this game, which was impartially umpired. We give below the score, the Athletics decidedly out-playing their opponents:

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	WASHINGTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
McGeary, s s	1	2	2	3	Glenn, 1 b	0	0	8	0
McBride, p	1	2	2	1	Bellaski, r f	1	1	1	1
Anson, 2 b	1	2	0	0	Hines, l f	1	1	1	0
Fisler, 1 b	2	2	5	0	Donnelly, c f	0	2	2	0
Fisher, r f	3	1	3	0	Thomas, 2 b	1	1	8	6
Sutton, 3 b	2	2	3	1	Greason, p	0	0	0	2
Clapp, c	1	2	8	1	Gerheldt, s s	0	0	0	3
Reach, c f	2	2	2	0	Warren, 3 b	0	0	5	4
McMullin, l f	1	2	2	0	Snyder, c	0	0	2	0
Totals	14	17	27	6	Totals	2	5	27	16

Athletic	0	5	2	0	4	0	0	3	0	—14
Washington	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Runs earned—Athletic 3. Bases on errors—Athletic 8; Washington 3. Umpire—Wm. McLean of the Canavan Club.—Time—1h. 25m.

MUTUAL vs. ATHLETIC.

The fifth championship game between the Mutuals and Athletics was played on the 4th inst., on the ground of the latter club in Philadelphia. The weather could not have been more favorable, yet the limited publicity given led to a small assemblage only being present. The Athletics took the lead in the second inning by making a couple of runs by the good batting of Fisler and Clapp, the latter hitting well for two bases. The Mutuals made a single in the same inning by an error of Fisler's and a sharp safe hit by Gedney. The Mutuals took the lead in the third inning by making three runs by three base hits and errors of Sutton's and McGeary's. Anson's and Fisler's good batting and Holdsworth's muffing gave the Athletics a run in the fourth inning, in which the Mutuals earned one by Eggler's splendid three-base hit. The Mutuals increased their lead in the sixth inning by scoring another run by errors of Sutton, Anson and McGeary. The excitement was intense when the Athletics in the eighth inning tied their opponents' score by the good batting of Anson and Fisher, the latter making a splendid three-base hit and coming home on Sutton's hit muffed by Holdsworth. The Athletics were blanked in the ninth inning, although McMullin had been missed on the fly by Gedney, and the Mutuals then won the game by scoring two runs on errors by McGeary, Sutton and McBride. The Mutuals won by their superior fielding, the Athletics doing the best batting. Below is the score, giving all further particulars:

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
McGeary, s s	0	0	5	7	Eggler, c f	2	1	0	0
McBride, p	0	0	0	2	Higham, c	1	1	2	0
Anson, 2d b	2	2	1	3	Hatfield, 3d b	0	1	1	1
Fisler, 1st b	1	2	11	0	Start, 1st b	1	1	7	0
Fisher, r f	1	2	0	1	Nelson, 2d b	1	2	0	3
Sutton, 3d b	0	0	2	2	Allison, c	0	1	9	1
Clapp, c	1	1	3	0	Matthews, p	0	2	1	0
Murnan, c f	0	0	2	0	Gedney, l f	0	2	6	0
McMullin, l f	0	0	3	0	Holdsworth, s s	2	0	2	2
Totals	5	7	27	14	Totals	7	10	27	7

Athletic	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	—5
Mutual	0	1	3	0	0	1	0	0	2	—7

Runs earned—Athletic, 2; Mutual, 1. Bases on errors—Athletic, 3; Mutual, 11. Umpire—Charles Fulmer of the Philadelphias. Time—2h.

EXCELSIOR vs. ENGLEWOOD.

The old Excelsior Club of Brooklyn took the field for the first time since the Spring of 1872 on Sept. 4, when they accepted an invitation from the gentlemen of the Englewood Club of New Jersey to visit that suburban retreat. Taking the 3.15 train they arrived at the Englewood depot and were cordially received by the Englewood Club. After a well-played game on a very poor field, the score of which is appended, they were entertained at the Englewood House, the Excelsior Glee Club delighting the guests with their excellent singing.

EXCELSIOR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	ENGLEWOOD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
D. Chauncey, c	1	1	5	2	H. Deland, r f	1	1	0	0
Peters, p	2	2	0	2	Demarest, 3d b	3	3	0	0
G. Chauncey, 1st b	2	4	12	0	Monroe, c	2	2	4	1
Fletcher, 2d b	3	4	1	4	Parker, 1st b	1	0	12	1
Lawrence, 3d b	1	2	3	0	R. Deland, 3d b	1	1	2	0
Dohrman, s s	1	2	1	4	W. Humphrey, l f	1	1	0	0
Earl, c f	1	4	0	0	Denel, s s	1	1	2	1
Sharpe, r f	2	1	0	0	Jones, p	0	0	1	4
Wood, l f	1	0	0	0	E. Humphrey, c f	2	1	2	0
Totals	14	18	21	12	Totals	12	9	24	7

Excelsiors	4	0	2	6	0	2	0		—14
Englewood	1	0	4	0	1	1	3	2	—12

First base by errors—Excelsior, 8; Englewood, 10. Runs earned—Excelsior, 4; Englewood, 1. Runs given by fielding errors—Excelsior, 9; Englewood, 8. Umpire—Mr. Smith of the Knickerbocker Club. Time—1h. 40m.

CHELSEA vs. STATEN ISLAND.

The Chelsea Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited Staten Island on Tuesday, Sept. 2, to play their first game with the Staten Island Club and after a well played game they came off the victors by the appended score:

CHELSEA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	STATEN ISLAND.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
McCormack, r f	4	1	0	0	Worth, 2d b	1	1	5	2
West, 2d b	2	3	0	2	Maurer, 1st b	1	1	10	0
Metcalfe, s s	1	1	0	0	Rogers, c f	1	0	0	0
Devyr, 3d b	1	2	2	0	Dollard, s s	1	2	3	1
Cassidy, c f	2	1	2	0	Jackson, 3d b	1	2	1	8
Roach, c	0	0	7	0	Sprague, p	0	0	0	1
Hourigan, l f	2	1	0	1	Hitchcock, l f	0	0	1	0
Ducharme, 1st b	1	1	14	1	Beaven, c	0	0	3	1
Rule, p	2	1	2	6	Armstrong, r f	1	1	1	1
Totals	14	9	27	15	Totals	6	7	27	16

Chelsea	0	3	1	2	2	0	0	2	4	—14
Staten Island	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	—6

Umpire—H. Dehlman, Atlantic Club. Time—1h 25m.

A THEATRICAL GAME.

An exciting game was contested at the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 21, between nines composed of members of the California and the Alhambra Theatre companies. The score:

ALHAMBRA.	O.	R.	CALIFORNIA.	O.	R.
Rice, p	3	3	Williamson, p	5	1
Lehman, 3d b	4	2	Gosman, 2d b	2	3
Ryan, r f	3	3	Ross, c	3	2
Welch, c	3	3	Henry, c f	2	3
Reed, l f	3	2	Walker, s s	2	4
Mac, 2d b	3	3	Long, 1st b	5	1
Rickey, s s	3	3	Harrington, 2d b	3	2
Corcoran, c f	2	3	Vanjoy, l f	3	2
Boswick, 1st b	3	2	Woods, r f	2	4
Totals	27	23	Totals	27	22

Alhambra	1	1	4	1	4	6	1	1	3	—22
California	4	1	0	9	2	0	0	5	2	—23

Umpire—J. Hall, Empire Club. Scorer—James W. Coyne. Time—2h. 20m.

THE GAMES OF THE WEEK.

The following regular professional contests took place during the past week:

Sept. 1.	Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Philadel'a	14	to 7
Sept. 1.	Atlantic vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	5	3
Sept. 2.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	9	3
Sept. 3.	Atlantic vs. Washington, at Brooklyn	9	0
Sept. 4.	Boston vs. Washington, at Boston	17	6
Sept. 4.	Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	7	5
Sept. 5.	Boston vs. Washington, at Boston	25	8
Sept. 6.	Boston vs. Atlantic, at Boston	15	10
Sept. 6.	Athletic vs. Washington, at Philadelphia	14	2

This week the Bostons play the Mutuals on the Union Grounds on Tuesday, and the Atlantics on Wednesday.

BOSTON vs ATLANTIC.

The Boston Times, in its report of the match of Saturday, Sept. 6, between these clubs, says: "The recent fine play of the visitors in defeating the Athletics led many to believe that the 'Reds' would have a hard struggle. Such was not the case, however, and only for an overthrow of Schafer to O'Rourke in the eighth inning, the New Yorks would have had a clean score—of outs. About fifteen hundred people were present. The visitors won the toss, and the Bostons went to the bat at 3.15. Both nines were blanked in the first and second innings, a double play by Barnes and O'Rourke being the only feature. On the third inning the Bostons, by errors of Booth, Ferguson and Pierce, scored five unearned runs. In the seventh inning the Bostons scored twelve runs by good batting, fifteen men going to the bat. The game went on to the end without any material excitement, and the Bostons were victorious by a score of 23 to 1. The game on the part of the Bostons was played finely. The excellent pitching of Spalding and superb catching of White were important features. For the visitors, the play of Remsen at centre-field was the only redeeming feature of their play. Ferguson made several fine pickups." The following is the score:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	ATLANTIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s s	3	3	4	1	Barlow, c	0	0	1	2
Barnes, 2d b	4	4	4	3	Pearce, s s	0	0	2	2
Spalding, p	4	4	1	5	Booth, r f	0	1	0	1
Leonard, l f	4	4	1	0	Ferguson, 3d b	0	1	3	4
White, c	1	4	7	0	Burdock, 2d b	0	0	3	6
O'Rourke, 1st b	0	2	10	1	Britt, p	0	0	0	3
Addy, r f	0	0	0	0	Dehlman, 1st b	1	1	13	1
Schafer, 3d b	3	3	1	3	Pabor, l f	0	0	1	0
H. Wright, c f	4	3	0	0	Remsen, c f	0	0	5	1
Totals	23	26	27	12	Totals	1	3	27	20

Boston	0	0	5	0	1	0	12	3	2	—23
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

Runs earned—Boston, 9; Atlantic, 0. First base on errors—Boston, 8; Atlantic, 2. Total errors—Boston, 5; Atlantic, 15. Umpire—Mr. Demorest. Time—2h.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

The following table gives the games played up to date, every game being credited as a victory to the club having the larger score, irrespective of any question of legality, which will be finally settled at the close of the season.

	Athletic	Atlantic	Baltimore	Boston	Maryland	Mutual	Philadelphia	Resolute	Washington	Victories
Athletic		3	3	2	0	4	0	2	6	20
Atlantic	1		1	0	2	1	3	3	5	15
Baltimore	4	5		2	4	5	2	1	6	29
Boston	3	6	5		3	0	0	3	4	24
Maryland	0	0	0	0		0	0	1	0	0
Mutual	1	5	1	3	0		1	4	3	14
Philadelphia	6	5	2	4	0	4		4	6	31
Resolute	0	1	1	0	1	1	0		0	3
Washington	0	1	0	0	2	1	1	1		6
Defeats	15	25	14	12	6	20	8	21	24	145

The averages in the championship arena to date show the following players to be in the van:

	Names.	Club.	Games.	B hits.	Avrgs.
1.	Geo. Wright	Boston	33	72	2.18
2.	Anson	Athletic	33	71	2.15
3.	Wood	Philadelphia	27	53	1.96
4.	McVey	Baltimore	34	65	1.91
5.	Eggler	Mutual	38	67	1.76
6.	Hines	Washington	28	43	1.53
7.	Boyd	Atlantic	35	[illegible]	1.43

Short Stops.—The Olympics of New York defeated the Baltics Sept. 4; score, 27 to 10.......The Westfield, N. J., Club (junior) waxed the Psyche of Greenpoint, L. I., Aug. 28, scoring 13 to 12; and on the 4th inst. the senior Westfields polished off the Franklin of Rahway; score, 19 to 10.......The Flyaways beat the Arctics of Greenpoint Sept. 3; totals, 23 to 3.......The Actives of Brooklyn, L. I., were beaten by the Pastimes Aug. 30, the figures being 11 to 4.......On Sept. 2 the Rough and Ready of Jeansville beat the Milnesville (Pa.) Club, scoring 31 to 28.......The Englewood (N. J.) Club took the Knickerbockers into camp at Hoboken, Sept. 5; score 21 to 16.......On Aug. 26 the Arlingtons of the metropolis visited Scranton, Pa., and defeated the Modoc Club by a score of 9 to 7. On the following day they encountered the Jeff. C. Davis Club, whom they vanquished by a score of 28 to 9. Next day they took the Eurekas into camp, scoring 25 to 14.......On Sept. 2 the Silver Stars of New York beat the Oneidas of Orange, N. J., on the former's ground. Score, 13 to 9.......The Shibes got away with the Keystones Sept. 4 at Philadelphia, scoring 37 to 19.

Handball Match.—The match between Phil. Casey and Jim Dunn of Brooklyn, L. I., and James O'Brien and James Feron of Chicago, best seven in twelve games, twenty-one aces each, was concluded at O'Brien's Court, in the Phoenix City, on Monday, Sept. 1. Instead of the Chicago men winning the first installment on Aug. 25 by a score of 3 to 2, as we were informed, a tie was the result, each side taking three games. On the 1st inst., however, the Chicagoans scored 4 to 2, thus winning by a count of 7 to 5 in the whole series. The playing throughout was such as to stamp the contestants as perfect masters of this favorite pastime of the sons of old Ireland. There was quite a numerous attendance of spectators present upon each day. Several other matches were decided during the week, the results of which had not been received before going to press.

The Championship Arena.—Special inquiry into the cases of Addy of the Boston nine, and Donnelly of the Washington, has elicited the fact that the former on July 4 played in a picked-nine match, and that the latter took part in a scrub match. Neither, therefore, violated the rules, and consequently the games of both clubs are legal and will be counted in the regular series. At the meeting of the Judiciary Committee in Philadelphia on the 23d inst. the case of the disbandment of the Resolute nine will be acted upon, and most probably Allison of the Mutuals and Booth of the Atlantics will be absolved from the penalty they have incurred, and the Mutual and Atlantic games in which they took part be made legitimate contests. All the Resolute and Maryland matches, however, will be thrown out, as neither club have played their quota.

Barney McQuade, the accomplished handball player, feels rather sore over the defeat of Casey and Dunn by the Chicago experts; and he having expressed a desire to try one of the latter himself, a deposit has been left at this office in support of a challenge from him to Mr. Fearon, or any other man, to play the best in seven or nine games—home-and-home match—for from $1,000 to $2,000. If Mr. Fearon is agreeable, he can send articles and a deposit to The Clipper.

Staten Island vs. Concord of Brooklyn.—A closely-contested game was played between these clubs on Sept. 6 at Staten Island, ending in a victory for the Island nine after a ten innings' game. The score by innings is as follows:

Concord	7	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0		—10
Staten Island	0	3	1	0	1	0	3	0	2	2	—12

THE RING.

BILLY DWYER FATALLY STABBED.

A telegram from San Francisco, Cal., states that Billy Dwyer, the well-known middle-weight boxer, was fatally stabbed in that city on the night of Sept. 5. The dispatch merely says that Dwyer and a man named John Harrington engaged in a fight in a saloon on Jackson street, the proprietor of which managed, with the assistance of others, to eject the combatants from the premises, and that, after reaching the sidewalk, Harrington drew a dirk and plunged it into Billy's breast, inflicting a wound which caused his death shortly afterwards. This intelligence will be received with extreme sorrow by Dwyer's friends in this part of the country, where his name was almost as familiar as on the Pacific Slope, and where he had many warm friends, who will sincerely hope that the report of his death is without foundation, though the contrary, unfortunately seems to be the case. Dwyer was born in County Clare, Ireland, on Christmas Day, 1838, stood, 5ft. 7¼in., and his weight in condition was 137lb. His parents emigrated to this country when Billy was yet a child, and located in the Fourth Ward, New York, where he was brought up. About the time he attained his majority Dwyer sailed for the Land of Gold, and in the year 1862 he made his debut in the prize ring, his antagonist being Tommy Chandler, who has since obtained much celebrity as a pugilist. The battle took place near San Francisco, Cal., June 5 of that year, and after fighting 64 rounds in 1 hour and 24 minutes, when both were too much exhausted to continue, the referee declared it a draw. His next antagonist was Johnny Walker, and they fought for $500 a side, Oct. 3, 1863, Dwyer being awarded the stakes after battling 3 hours, the number of rounds contested being 106. Shortly after this Billy came East, and on the 11th of October, 1864, fought Jack Turner, off-hand, for a stake of $400 and a bet of $600; but at the close of the sixth round the police put an end to the sport, and the stakes were drawn. Soon afterwards deceased again left for California, where in 1870 a deposit was posted for another match between him and Chandler, but Tommy declining to go on with it, Dwyer received forfeit. In 1871 he paid another visit to the metropolis, and was one of Joe Coburn's seconds in the latter's meeting with Jim Mace in Canada, May 11 of said year. During his stay, which was extended but a few weeks, Dwyer opened negotiations with Owney Geoghegan for a match, but they failed to come to an agreement. Shortly subsequent to his return to California, Billy proceeded to the White Pine District, where he embarked in the saloon business, in which, we believe, he was still engaged at the time of his death. He last figured in ring matters as the trainer and second of James Trevillian for his match with Patsy Hogan, several months since.

"American Fistiana."—A book bearing this title, with the authorship credited to the Editor of The New York Clipper, has recently been issued from the publishing house of R. M. De Witt. We take an early opportunity to state that the work is *not* by the Editor of The New York Clipper, that he knew nothing of it until it was published, and that the use of his name is without warrant or authority, and inexcusable under any circumstances. We deem this notice necessary in order that the public may not be misled as to the author. Now that the matter has been brought to the notice of the publisher, it is to be presumed that the falsification will no longer be persisted in, but that the work will be called in, and the objectionable lines omitted in future editions.

Skittling for Mutton.—Bill Cleaver, proprietor of the London Public House, 334 Eighth avenue, offers a live sheep for competition by devotees of the old-country game of skittles, the contest to take place there on Wednesday, Sept. 10. A great game is expected, as the following experts have made known their intention to compete: Alf. Cook, Ted. Broom, Tom Taylor, Blackmore, Ted. Jones, Bill Brown, Charley Thackeray, Dick Tredwen, Jack Woods, Paterson Joe, Tom King, The. Taylor, and the worthy host. The veteran knight of the cleaver Dick Buckley will officiate as referee. A new set of pins and cheeses will be provided for the occasion by Dick the turf prophet. Open to all; entrance free.

Donovan vs. Murray.—We have received two communications in reference to the late interrupted mill at Point Airy, in the Delaware River, opposite Philadelphia, the writers of which claim that the published reports thereof misrepresent the facts. They say that while Murray entered the ring but four pounds above his regular fighting weight, Donovan was twenty-one pounds over his, and was consequently in no trim to fight; also, that while Mike was most punished in the face, he was able to continue the struggle as Jim, and that many of the spectators would have been willing to bet upon him. Donovan talks of making a fresh match for $500.

Billy Donelly went as passenger on board the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Colon, which left this port for Aspinwall on Friday, Sept. 5. A number of friends assembled at Pier 42, North River, to bid him good-bye and wish him a pleasant journey, a profitable sojourn in the land of gold, and a safe return.

We have a letter for Homer Lane.

Mike Coburn and Arthur Chambers
engaged to appear on the evenings
13, at the Baltimore Opera-house.
will probably go to Washington,
Cleveland, and Cincinnati, and so on

George Rooke and Jim Coyne
the second deposit, $200 a side, f
weight match for $2,000, fi's due on
15, before the hour of five o'clock P. M.

Barney Aaron has withdrawn the
ed some time ago in support of Chamber
Should anyone accept, however, it wi
coming again.

AQUATICS.

THE SARATOGA REGATTA

which, appearances indicate, will be one of the
amateur boating carnivals that have
place in the United States, is to be held
of Saratoga Lake on Thursday and
current week, Sept. 11 and 12.
various parts of the country will be
one or more of the five races programmed
ing to the affair a character
tional than that possessed by any
preceding years. The entries
nounced as follows:

Single-scull Race—Argonaut of
lantic of Hoboken, N. J., 1; Grand
Mich., 1; Potomac of Georgetown, D. C.
Brooklyn, L. I., 1; Vesper of Yonkers,
Springs of Cayuga Lake, N. Y., 1;
N. Y., 1; Mutual of Albany, 2; Friendship
Nassau of Harlem, N. Y., 1; Harlem

Four-oared Race—Argonauts of
Duquesne of Allegheny, Pa., 1;
Potomac of Georgetown, 1;
Ballston of Ballston, N. Y., 1;

Double scull Race—Argonaut of
wyck of Albany, 1; Mutual of Albany

Pair-oared Race—Nassau of
Toronto, 1.

From this list it will be observed
entries have been made for the
race, seven for the four-oared,
scull, and two for the pair-oared race.
for the junior single-scull race closed
and are ten in number; but, not having
official list, we cannot give the names
who propose to contend for the prizes.
talent presented above renders the
an assured success; and as the
several committees appointed by the
ciation have labored with zeal to
ments looking to the comfort and
both participants and spectators, it is
that any who attend will have
making the trip. A commodious
been erected by the Association
easy of access, and from which a
course can be obtained. Not a little
is felt because of the apathy
amateur oarsmen of the City of
this matter, no not a solitary entry
ceived from any of the clubs
kill Navy. In next week's Clipper
and accurate report of the race.

THE TORONTO REGATTA

Rough weather, the limited number
and rather bad management, combined
the international regatta at Toronto,
able fizzle, several of the principal
programme failing to come off, and
festing but little interest in the affair.
Sept. 3, was the opening day, the first
for first-class yachts, for the Governor
medal and champion flag of Toronto,
added. Ten Canadian vessels started,
Stanley arriving home first, forty minutes
the Ina. Owing to the western buoy
however, it was declared no race,
sailed over on the 5th, when the Ariel
in forty-five minutes before the Ina.
The four-oared professional race, fixed
day, did not take place; but two
peared for the four-oared contest.
prizes were four medals presented by the
General, four cups and a piece of plate
value of $200. The race was won by the
Club, the Argonaut Club's boat breaking
der and becoming unmanageable.
tors for the amateur double-scull race
Canadians. The distance was two miles,
the prize two oars valued at $75. R. Lambe
Lambe won. The double-scull professional
two miles, for a purse of $150, was
Henry Coulter and Eph. Morris of Pittsburgh
Time, 13:02¼. If this is correct, the
fully two miles, with a turn, the time is,
exception, the best of which we have any
The rowing events set down for the second
did not take place; but three sailing races
tested. Those for centre-boards and
were declared off, however, because the
buoy was again missing. The second-class
face for the Governor-General's medal,
with four lesser prizes, had six competitors.
Gipsy of Hamilton won, Mazeppa
Kelpie third. There was a heavy sea,
yachts were dismantled. The sport was
5.30 P. M. on the 6th, with the professional
scull race, two miles, for prizes of
The contestants were Henry Coulter and
ris of Pittsburgh, and Thomas Louden
Berry of Toronto. Coulter won by two
Morris second. The next race was for
double sculls, two miles, for two cups,
and $25. The entries were R. and H. Lambe
Argonaut Club; J. V. Schales and Henry
the New Dominion; C. Corrigan and H.
the Toronto. The Argonaut won by 300 yards
Dominion second.

Natatorial Contests.—A somewhat
very attractive spectacle was presented
of the Harlem River on the morning of
when a swimming contest came off between
of young ladies, for a silk dress valued at
tance one mile. The fair ones who contended
prize were as follows: Miss Delilah Gobosee,
delphia; Miss Mary Thatcher,
Miss Ada Vreeland, New York; Miss
Lynchburg, Va.; Miss Mollie Denan,
Ireland; Miss Maggie Colton, Boston,
Ellen Pendergast, Baltimore, Md.; Miss
New York; and Mrs. Catherine Clark,
Mass. The first-named carried off the prize
lant style, though she might not have done
not Mollie Denan, who was in the
some distance, withdrawn from the race
to aid in the rescue of a young man
fallen overboard, and who, but for the timely
ance rendered by this fair and courageous
nymph, would probably have been drowned.
Colton came home second. The winner's time
40 minutes. Those who witnessed the heroic
Miss Denin at once took steps to present her
gold watch as a reward for her heroism.
afternoon of the same day a race came off
of Fifty-fifth street, E. R., in presence of
gathering of spectators. Wm. Allen and
were opponents, and the contest was for
tance 440 yards. Allen won by eleven seconds.

The St. John Regatta.—It having been
mated in several journals that there was a
of the approaching international rowing
St. John, N. B., not proving a success, the
of the committee, Mr. D. G. Smith, telegraphs
tradition of the committee, assuring us that
event promises to be as great a success as
gatta ever held in the Provinces. The members
the different committees are laboring with
ished zeal to secure that object, and the
they have received from oarsmen in various
are, we are informed, very encouraging.
lin, Robert Fulton and George Brown have
for the single-scull shell race—prizes, $400 and
—but it is probable that the latter will withdraw
he is matched to row Biglin three days later.
New Yorker will thus encounter the two cracks
ers of the Provinces, and much anxiety will
by his friends to hear the result of the double
ing. For the four-oared shell race—prizes,
$500 and $200—the Paris, McLaren, Indiantown
several American crews have entered,
strange to say, Halifax will, from present
ances, be unrepresented. The other races
double-sculls (amateur), four-oared lapstreaks,
canoes and tubs. Entries close on the 10th
and the regatta takes place on Wednesday,
weather permitting.

Biglin and Brown Matched.—At last the
of agreement for a scullers' race between John
lin of this city and Geo. Brown of Halifax,
have been signed, sealed and delivered, the
nian having agreed to John's proposal to row
days after the St. John regatta. On the 3d
made the necessary alteration in the date and
tached his autograph to the document previously
signed by Biglin, which was then forwarded
temporary stakeholder, Hon. John Morrissey,
companied by a deposit of $500. The match
$1,000 a side, and is to be rowed over a
course, one turn, in Bedford Basin, harbor of
fax, on or about Sept. 29; the sum of $250
to Biglin for expenses upon his arrival at
The men are to turn separate stakeboats,
final stakeholder is to be chosen on the
previous to the race, in whose hands the
$500 a side will at that time be posted.

World vs. Herald.—Four-oared crews
of compositors employed in the offices of *The World*
and *The Herald* respectively, pulled a race on
Harlem River, from the powder boat to High Bridge,
on Wednesday, Sept. 3. A collision occurred
McComb's Dam, for which both were to blame,
The World four were first to get clear,
lead and keeping there until the finish,
opponents were about ten lengths in the rear.
boats were manned thus: *World*—Condon,
Macbeth, Mahr, Kells, stroke; Gatter,
Herald—Dutton, bow; Hanger, McGovern,
stroke; Marsden, coxswain.

A six-oared barge race came off on the Schuyl
kill River, at Philadelphia, Aug. 30, between
representing the Crescent, Pennsylvania and
Clubs. It was a novel affair, the oarsmen being
tired in "stovepipe" hats and linen dusters,
them to present a ludicrous appearance,
created much merriment among those who
bled at Fairmount Park to witness the contest.
The Falcon took the lead after rowing a quarter of a
mile, and won by several lengths, "doing"
miles in 18min. 25sec.

Dempsey and Cummings, oarsmen of local
rowed a scullers' race on the Allegheny River,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 6, for $50 a side.
quickly went to the front, and at the turn was
ahead, but, unluckily, fouled a bridge pier,
gave his opponent an advantage kept by him
end. Referee, A. V. Forse.

A four-oared race in inrigged gigs, for $300
a side, three miles, came off on the Charles River,
Boston, Mass., Aug. 30, between the Cooper
Terra Novian crews. The former came home
a minute ahead.

Wm. Scharff has not yet made any response
the challenge issued several weeks back by James
Ten Eyck. Wherefore?

The Friendship Boat Club hold their
annual regatta at Pleasant Valley, on the Hudson,
this (Tuesday) afternoon. Fine sport is anticipated.

The entries for the National Amateur Regatta,
to be held on the Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia,
Pa., Oct. 8, close on the 23d inst. Prospects are good.

A rowing regatta will take place at Lafayette,
Ind., Sept. 17, under the auspices of the Ydrad Club.

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A challenge goblet was contested for by mem
bers of the Baltimore, Md., Quoit Association
River View, Sept. 1. There were a score of com
petitors, and James Bond won, Chas. Swearer second
They pitched at a box 15x7 inches, divided into three
compartments, the centre of which counted five
the others three. Bond made seven fives and
three. He and Thos. Philburn then pitched at a
for $50, Bond again winning; score, 21 to 13.

The San Francisco Cadets are to give two exhibi
tion drills at the Academy of Music, this city, dur
ing the current week—the first on the evening of
Sept. 9, and the second on the 10th.